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RICHARD TO RALPH.

"WE PARTED TWENTY YEARS AGO."

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Oh, many a time the summer winds
Have rustled the ripe grain;
And many a time the scarlet leaves
Have fallen with the rain;
And many a time the sweet, sweet birds,
Have gone across the sea,
Since with a heavy heart, my brother,
I left my home, and thee!

The birds that fled our withered woods
Some glorious island found,
Where the blushing boughs are thick with flowers,
And the hills are summer-crowned;—
But a mournful brook in a lonely land
My life hath flowed for me,
Since, with a heavy heart, my brother,
I left my home, and thee!

The wild, dark clouds drive down the blue,
The night-winds whistle shrill,
And like a dim, unending shroud,
The mist gleams on the hill—
And moaning in the distance lies
A wild and troubled sea—
The memory of that parting time,
My brother Ralph, with thee!

God bless thee, gentle brother Ralph
Where'er thy lot be cast—
May the strong Angel of His love
Walk with thee to the last!
And when, like autumn-birds, we go
Across death's solemn sea,
Oh! may the country of the blest
Our happy island be!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

GLEAMS OF LIGHT.

Dame Warrenton sat at the door of her cot, gazing down upon the wood. It was well into the afternoon, and the air was warm and genial. The dame had grown more bent in the few months of sorrow that had passed, and the furrows upon her face had grown deeper. She gazed now upon the very spot where, in early Summer, she had seen her son and his youthful companion step forth from the wood, and she wondered where the loved ones now rested. She sat thus, and thus she gazed, when she she saw two men emerge from that same path. They came towards the cot—they walked with eager steps—one was an old man, for she could see his grey locks float in the breeze,—and the other was young, as she could tell by the mien he bore. As they came nearer still her heart began to leap wildly in her bosom, and a joyful hope sprang to life within. Nearer and nearer they came—there was no more doubt—she saw, she knew—her son! He called her mother—and he clasped her to his bosom. It was Mark—and it was Julian Glendower. Paler they were than on that dark night when she lost them, and some worn in frame—but Mark and Julian still alive and well.

The dame sat no more at the door, gazing down upon the wood. She sat now in her great chair, and she gazed first upon her boy, and then upon his companion—and then she wiped the tears from her eyes, and repeated, many times, "THANK GOD!"

Julian Glendower had been watching every movement with a keen, painful anxiety, and when he found that no one else was coming to welcome him, he asked where was his mother. The dame told him, with a quaking voice, that she was gone—that she went a long time ago—immediately after the disappearance of himself and Mark. She knew nothing more—and she would not tell the vague terrors and suspicions that had occupied her thoughts. To turn the subject, for the present, she asked her son where he had been, and why she had not heard from him. And while Julian went away to the window, and bowed his head in agony, Mark related the strange adventures that had befallen them. He spoke tremulously, and sometimes at fault, for much of his thought was with his noble companion who had stood by him so faithfully, and who now suffered so keenly. Still he told his story.

He related how both he and Julian had been taken on board the pirate brig, and told all that happened to them when they were taken from the sinking brig by the Newcastle barque.

"We supposed we was agoin' to Amsterdam, an' from there home," he continued; "but it wasn't so to be. On the very next day we was overhauled by a French cruiser, and the whole lot of us taken prisoners, and carried into Calais, where we was thrown into prison. Julian and I were confined alone together, an' we wasn't long in makin' up our minds that we'd like to escape if 'twas possible. We was watched very snug, and for a long time we give it up as a bad job; but finally, howsumever, fortune throw'd a chance in our way. We made friends with a man outside, and with his help we contrived to get clear. We cut away the bars of our window one dark night, and before mornin' we were half way across the channel in a small boat; an' as soon as our feet touched British soil we set sail for Yorkshire,—an' here we be. Now ye know why ye didn't hear from us. 'Twas simply because we couldn't send any word out of a French prison. But I'll tell ye all the rest—I'll give ye our adventures—when we've got more time. This isn't just the thing now. We want to know what's happened here. Ye musn't keep anything from us, for I want ye to understand that we've seen some hard times, and we're prepared to see more."

THE PLOTTERS OVERWHELMED.

"Alack!" uttered dame Warrenton, "things have gone dreadful here!"

Julian started from the window as she spoke, and came and took a seat near her.

"Good mother," he said, "be assured that we are prepared for the worst. Let us know all—everything that has transpired."

Thus bidden the old woman spoke. She told first of the efforts that were made to discover those to whom she was speaking, and of the fears that were entertained. Then she told of the disappearance of Margaret Glendower. Then followed the violent death of Sir Rowland Dean, with the subsequent examination; and then came the appearance of Walter Dean upon the scene, with his villany and ugliness. And finally she told of the mysterious disappearance of the lady Emma, and how they had searched, and searched, for her in vain.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated Julian, starting up from his chair, and clasping his hands before his face. "What human mind could have invented a tale of horror like this! Why was I saved to hear it?"

He might have spoken further, but at that moment a quick step was heard approaching the house, and presently Adam Nolan entered the room where they sat. He saw the two new-comers, and for a while he seemed to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

"The Lord bless me and mine!" he finally exclaimed, starting forward and grasping, first Mark, and then Julian. "Wonders and miracles do not come singly. Be ye safe back, my masters?"

They answered him that they were.

"An' 'twas the pirate that took ye?"

"Yes."

"And—who was at the bottom of it?"

"Lord Thomas Cleaveland," answered Mark.

"So I knew," resumed Adam. "I knew it. But things are turning. You shall tell me all about where ye've been doin', when we have time; but there's another matter now. Good dame," he added, turning to the old lady, "have ye told 'em touchin' the lady Emma?"

"Yes," she replied. "I told 'em all about it."

"Then listen to a wonderful thing," the woodman said, while his ruddy face glowed with the intelligence he had to communicate. "The lady Emma had a beautiful white dove—one that used to perch upon her shoulder, and sit there by the hour. When my lady disappeared that bird was for a while like one distracted. He would not stay at Ravendale, so Mary brought him down to my lodge, and there he would spend the nights, but in the morning he would go off and be gone all day. This morning he flew away as usual, but before noon he came back and flew into the lodge, and perched upon Mary's lap; and, tied around his neck, we found this paper. He must have found an open window, and reached his mistress. Here, Mr. Glendower—you read it aloud."

He handed the paper to Julian as he spoke, who opened it, and read as follows:—

"DEAR MARY NOLAN—*or any friend into whose hands this may fall*—I am a prisoner at Woldhill. The earl found me by the roadside on the night of the accident. I am sorely persecuted. My uncle knows it, and is a party to my sufferings. They swear that I shall marry with Sir Thomas, or die. I trust this to my pet Dickon, who flew into my window this morning. If you get it—if any friend of mine gets it—let word be sent at once to the good Archbishop of York. He will help me, I know. Send to York at once. Let Adam go if he will. EMMA DEAN."

"There!" cried the woodman, as soon as Julian had done reading, "what d'ye think o' that?"

"That there shall be one brand plucked from the burning!" returned the youth, starting to his feet. "You have not been to York yet?"

"Of course not. I've not had time. I didn't see this note when it first came. I was away, and saw it not till noon. I thought, too, it might be safer for me to start under cover of darkness, so I concluded to wait until night set in; and thinkin' that the lady Emma lived, I came over to tell her."

Julian paced up and down the floor several times, and when he stopped he laid his hand upon Adam's shoulder, saying, as he did so—

"I must go to York with you. I cannot stay here. I could do nothing at Woldhill at present. I know the archbishop, for I saw him at Ravendale. I will go with you, Adam."

"Good!" cried the stout woodman.

"I could do nothing towards finding my mother," the youth continued, "if I remained. With the archbishop, and such authority as he can bring with him, we can gain entrance to Woldhill, and perhaps fathom some secrets there; and then I may learn something of my dear mother. I will go with you, Adam."

Mark was upon the point of speaking when the doorway was suddenly darkened, and a female, closely vailed, entered the cot. She hesitated when she saw the company that were present, and beckoned for dame Warrenton to come out. The old lady obeyed the signal, and when she reached the perch the mysterious visitor took her by the arm and led her away out of doors. They were gone a long while—gone till both Mark and Julian became nervous and uneasy.

"That was not——" The youth whispered these words, but seemed afraid to utter his whole thought.

"Ye mean that it wasn't your mother, me boy?" said Mark, who had read his companion's thought.

"I was foolish to think it could be she," Julian returned.

"Of course it couldn' be her," remarked Adam Nolan. "Margaret Gledower is taller than was that woman, and not so stout. She has a fairer mien."

"But I'd like to know who she is," pursued the old sailor. "Shiver my timbers, if I liked the looks of her. These are dangerous times. They are gone a long while."

At length, however, the good dame came safely back, but there was wonderment upon her face, and her aged frame trembled like an aspen. She sank into her old chair and gazed down upon her folded hands as though she were at a loss for thought.

"Mother," spoke Mark, after a long silence, "what is it? Who was that woman? What did she want?"

"Want?" repeated the dame, vacantly; "nothing—nothing now; but perhaps something by-and-by. It is not for you to hear, my son."

"Any gleam for me?" asked Julian, breathlessly.

The old lady seemed to be startled by the question. She gazed first into the youth's face, and then upon the floor and then she folded her hands and gazed upon them.

"Julian Glendower," she finally said, as though she had pondered well, and had made up her mind, "I will tell you just what I deem proper to tell you if you will promise me one thing."

"What is it?" cries our hero.

"Promise not to ask me a single question beyond what I tell you."

She spoke so solemnly, and so emphatically, that Julian knew she meant just what she said, and he gave the required promise.

"Then," said Dame Warenton, "*your mother is alive and safe!*"

"*Alive!*" exclaimed the youth, in a hushed, breathless tone.

"Aye; and if you are discreet, she may yet be with you again. Now go with Adam. Go to York, and make all haste. See the archbishop, and tell him of all the villany you know. He will help you—he will help us all."

Julian hesitated but a single moment. He cast one glance into the dame's face, as though he would ask a question, but the thought passed quickly away; and then turning to the woodman, he said—

"Come, Adam—I am ready. Have you horses at hand?"

"At the lodge," replied Adam, starting up.

"I must go, too," cried Mark.

"No, no," interrupted his mother, authoritatively. "I want you here."

He said no more, and in a few moments Julian and Adam had gone. The good dame watched them until they had passed from sight, and then she bade her son draw his chair nearer to her. He did so.

"Now, Mark," she said, "I am going to tell you the secret you have so much queried about. I feel that I am at liberty to tell it now, for I have just learned another secret, that rendered the first no longer needful of being kept."

And thereupon she whispered into his ear a tale so wondrous, so passing strange, that he was almost paralyzed with estonishment. As she went on, his eyes became fixed upon her lips as though he would see the words as well as hear them, and at times he held his breath in pure astonishment. When she had finished the story he leaned back in his seat, and seemed laboring to realize the full import of what he had heard.

"Is this all true?" he finally asked, when he was able to breathe freely.

"All true," responded his mother. "So now you know why Julian was sent away so young; and you know, too, how much poor Margaret must have suffered."

"Aye, aye—I see it now. And that was Annabella that came here?"

"Yes."

"And what can have induced her to reveal all this?"

"Two things have operated upon her, my son. In the first place, she was never a wicked woman, but only simple and unfortunate. Ever since she became a party to that great crime, she has been unhappy; and this had so broken in upon her mind, that it required but a slight shock to unsettle it. That shock came when the pirate chieftain was carried there after he had been wounded in the wood, or, I should say, when she discovered that he had been there—for she knew not of it till after he had gone away. In the second place, the pirate is now at Woldhill, and is dying. All her old love is revived, and she seems to care for nothing else."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the old sailor, still laboring with the subject, "how wonderful it is!"

"It is indeed wonderful, my son. But we must work now, and wonder while we work. We must be prepared with the whole proof when the archbishop comes. Oh! my mind is clear now, for I have for many a long year hoped for just such a circumstance. Aye—I have hoped that some such truth might come to light. You are acquainted with some of the old fishermen in the Cove?"

"Yes."

"And they would help you if you asked them?"

"Most assuredly."

"But," said the dame, thoughtfully, "perhaps you would rather go by land. Here it is, Mark: you must go to Fylingdales, and see the old clerk of that parish. I think he is still living and well."

"Is the record there?" asked Mark.

"Aye—both records are there," returned the dame, triumphantly; "*both* records are there, my son; and with all their wit the wicked ones have never been able to find them. You must hasten away at once?"

"Then I'll take to the water," said Mark. "It is but a short run around to Robin Hood's Bay, and I think the wind is fair."

"But you'll be sure and take a safe conveyance my boy."

"Never fear for that, mother. Let us have some supper, and I'll be off."

The old lady very soon prepared the evening meal, and while they ate they talked over the plans they had in hand. The dame was hopeful and communicative, while her son was equally hopeful, and eager for the denouement.

"It was best that you did not tell Julian where his mother was, and how she was situated," remarked the old sailor, as he arose from the table. "By the powers! he'd 'ave been at Woldhill before now if ye had. He'd 'a been like a madman!"

"I thought of that," replied the old lady. "I knew his disposition, and I thought I knew what was best for him. And now, if you find the clerk of Fylingdales, I feel sure we'll soon have everything as it should be."

Mark waited for nothing more. He armed himself as usual, and then set off upon his mission. His step was light, and almost youthful, for he felt that glorious results were to flow from his success.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SOMETHING RATHER STARTLING.

"Why, in the name of all that is possible, don't that woman die!" exclaimed Lavinia Cleaveland, with her talon-like fingers tightly clutched together. "I've fed her on food that would have killed a leviathan, and yet she is as well as ever!"

"And so it is with the pirate," returned Sir Thomas. "The wine I have given him, if what you say be true, should have sent him off long ere this."

"There was power enough in it," said the old woman. "There was poison sufficient for killing a dozen like him. By the blessed Virgin, Thomas, there must be some other hand at work here."

"Some mortal hand?" asked the earl, with a start.

"I know not what kind of a hand it may be," Lavinia answered; "but I am fully persuaded that our plans do not take the course we give them. We can see it in all about us.—— Ha! what now?"

This last remark was addressed to a servant, who at that moment made his appearance at the door, and who announced that Walter Dean was in the hall.

"Bid him come in," the beldam said; and then, turning to the earl, she added, in a hurried tone—

"We'll toy no more. As soon as we fix this matter with Mr. Dean we'll find a shorter way to dispose of those that trouble us. You could find the pirate's heart with a knife?"

"Yes."

"And I can do the same for Margaret Glendower. It must be done! By heavens, we should be dolts to be thwarted thus by any chance!"

At this point Walter Dean entered the apartment, and when the ordinary questions had been asked, the earl remarked—

"You look sober this morning. Has anything happened?"

"Aye," cried Dean, with a start, "there has something happened; or there is something about to happen, I know not which. But, be it which it will, we must finish the business we have on hand at once. The stubborn girl must be made to yield immediately. This very day—this very hour, if possible—she must be made your countess!"

"But what has happened to startle you thus?" asked Lavinia, with much concern.

"I'll tell you," replied Walter. "Early this morning, while walking near the stables, I overheard a conversation among some of the men, and I discovered that some word had been sent to the archbishop of York. I went to my room and sent for the houndkeeper, who was one of the party, and ordered him to tell me the whole subject of the conversation I had in part overheard. I had to use many threats to move him to speech, but I finally drew from him that Adam Nolan had gone to York to see the archbishop, though he swore, point-blank, that he knew nothing of the purpose of his mission. I then came down to the woodman's lodge, where Mary Nolan is stopping, and questioned her. She admitted that her brother had gone to York—that he went night before last—but she said she could tell no more. Yet I knew that she was full of intelligence. She was literally running over with it. But I could gain nothing from her, either by threats or entreaties. She glared upon me like a mad cat, and I knew, from the gleaming of her eyes, that she felt triumphant. There's something more than I have been able to learn. There has something transpired more than the mere visit of that rascal to York. At any rate, of one thing I am sure: they have found out where the lady Emma is."

"Impossible!" uttered Lavinia.

"It must be so," said Dean.

"But it cannot be," persisted the old woman.

"Remember," remarked the earl, "strange things are happening all around us. There is nothing impossible in it."

"But I cannot conceive how it could have happened," pursued the old woman, nervously.

"It may have happened in a hundred ways," answered Thomas. "She may have penciled a note, and given it to the wind."

"Never mind," interposed Dean. "It is enough for us that it has in all probability happened, and we had better govern ourselves accordingly. Let her, under any circumstances, be your wife, and the archbishop may come in welcome."

"Aye," cried Lavinia; "he dare not do much against the Earl of Stanbury. You will give her hand away?"

"Of course I will," replied Walter.

"Then let our own chaplain be called in," pursued the woman. "He is on the estate now."

"He's at the hall," said Thomas.

"—And will do our bidding without hesitation. I'll bring the girl to this very room, and here the work shall be done."

And so, in their mad frenzy, they laid their plans. Sense and reason seemed to have forsaken them, and passion alone held sway in their counsels. They may have known—they must have known—that the laws of England would hold no such marriage legal, but they hoped to force the yoke upon the maiden's neck, and then make her wear it in spite of herself. They imagined that she might yield when she found herself married. In short, they presumed no less upon their own reckless daring than upon her supposed ignorance.

"She knows I am her lawful guardian," said Walter Dean, "and she may not know that I cannot marry her as I please, in spite of all her opposition. But when she is once your wife, my lord—made so in form—she must succumb. The power will then be in your hands, and you can very soon place her beyond any possible chance of leaving you with honor."

Thomas Cleveland did not shrink from the undertaking. A life of reckless debauchery and looseness had not left him with a conscience that could trouble him, and when he once made up his mind that he had nothing to fear, he was ready to act.

As for Lavinia, she was a very devil incarnate. If she ever had a human feeling, it must have died with her youth; and now, in her old age, her heart had become as adamant, and her soul but the dwelling-place of evil. She seemed to live only in an atmosphere of crime and intrigue, suffering from sheer ennui when there was no sinful thing to be done.

In half an hour from the time that saw the plan formed, Emma Dean was led into the large drawing-room. Lavinia had brought her down, but had told her nothing of what was to transpire. She was very pale and wan, and seemed much frightened when she first entered the apartment; but when she saw her uncle and the earl, she composed herself at once, and called all her native dignity to her aid. There was a perceptible quivering of the nether lip, and her cheeks were blanched, but her will was firm, and she regarded the two men with a look of scorn and contempt.

"Emma," spoke her guardian, assuming a high, authoritative tone and bearing, "are you ready now to be restored to liberty and happiness?"

"I am, sir," she replied.

"Then the way is open before you, and you will walk in it. Your race of contumacy is run, and we are to have no more of it. You have been brought here that the plans we have formed for your future course might be fulfilled. In short, you are to be married. You are this day to be Countess of Stanbury. I hope you will see the necessity of showing some sense of propriety."

"My lord," the maiden said, turning to Sir Thomas, "is this plan upheld by yourself? Do you seek thus to gain my hand?"

"Aye," he returned, with a vindictive look, "I do seek to gain it thus, and thus will I have it! You have thus far exercised your own will, and I am tired of it. When your father promised me your hand, I hoped to gain it with your full and free consent, and thus far have I allowed you to run, in hopes that you would change your mind from the peevish, foolish whim you at first pretended to entertain."

"We are determined now," added Lavinia.

"You may rest assured that *I* am determined," returned the maiden, "I know that my father never gave consent or countenance to any such plan. He never wished me to marry you, sir. He would have refused you, had you asked him."

"Do you give me the lie?" demanded Sir Thomas, passionately. "Do you distrust me? Do you say that I never asked your father for your hand?"

"*Did you ask him?*" the maiden said, while her bosom suddenly ceased its heaving, and a startling change come over her face.

"By the heavens above me, I did!" the earl quickly answered.

"Then," resumed Emma, with a fire in her eye that seemed to flame out with living hate, and speaking in tones as low as a zephyr, but which yet thrilled to the uttermost parts of the room, "*you must have asked him in the forest, and he lived not to tell me!*"

Thomas Cleaveland started as though an arrow had pierced his bosom. The maiden watched him with a keen glance, and as she saw the blanch-spot upon his cheek, she knew that she had touched home to his heart. She had no more doubt that he had slain her father, than she had that her father was dead.

"Curse you!" the earl finally gasped. "Would ye drive me to be your enemy upon the very threshold of our wedded life? I know to what dark subject you hint, and if you ever lisp such a thing again, you shall suffer for it. Now mark my words!"

"Come," interposed Lavinia, who cared not to have further words spoken upon that point, "this is trifling. Mr. Dean, the earl is ready to lead your ward to the altar, and the chaplain is in waiting."

"Then let it be done," pronounced Walter. He stepped to Emma's side, and took her by the arm.

"Ward and charge of mine," he added, with a savage, threatening look, "if you show resistance now you shall repent it. If you refuse to go on with the ceremony—if you cry out, or make the least disturbance—you shall feel such weight of vengeance as you never yet dreamed of. Under such punishment as I would inflict you would pray God to make you a worm, that you might crawl away and hide in the earth! Now will you go on?"

Emma hesitated. Not that she wavered in her decision, but she was startled by the horrible threat thus hurled at her. She cast her eyes towards the earl, and when she saw his triumphant look, her speech came to her.

"I can die," she said, "but I will never marry with Thomas Cleaveland!"

"By the gods of war, you shall!" thundered Walter, stamping his foot in rage.

"Hark!" uttered Lavinia, as Dean was about proceeding with his mad folly. "There are people in the hall!"

"Some of the servants," said the earl.

"None of our servants would dare to make such clamor," returned the old woman, trembling. "Ha!—hark! Some one demands entrance! Do you hear? Here—come with me! Thomas, go and see who it is!"

As she spoke she caught Emma by the arm, and dragged her towards the opposite door from the hall. At first the maiden did not resist, but gradually a sense of her situation led her to reflection, and she thought how much she might gain by being seen there by any visitor, no matter whom. Perhaps her pet dove had not carried her mission as she had hoped, and no one, save the diabolical trio present, knew that she lived. She resolved that she would see who came, or die in the attempt. With this impulse she hurled the hag from her, and sprang back into the drawing-room.

"Out! Leave instantly!" ordered her uncle, who had seen the movement, at the same time leaping towards her.

But she eluded his grasp, and with all the energy she could command, rushed for the hall door. She reached it just as the earl had thrown it open, and with a single bound she passed him. She saw a number of men, like figures in a vision—there were faint outlines of the form and features of her father's faithful woodman, and of the archbishop of York, and of good old dame Warrenton, and of dear Mary Nolan, and of one or two men whom she did not know—all faint—all swimming before her—all seeming to merge into one other noble, well-beloved face, which met her wild, frenzied gaze. It might be a mere phantasy—it might be a senseless form of air which her imagination had conjured up—but she stopped not to reason—she sped on—and with one low, bursting cry of hope she sank upon the bosom of Julian Glendower.

The young man clasped her tightly in his arms, and gazed down into her pale face.

"Emma! Emma!" he cried, "you are safe now. They have not harmed you. They have not forced you to wed with him!"

"Oh! no! no! no!" the maiden answered. "They could not do that. They might have killed me; but not that! not that!"

At this moment Sir Thomas came rushing to the spot, but when he saw Glendower he started back aghast.

"Death and furies!" he gasped, turning pale as death. "Is't thou?"

"It is I!" returned our hero, with a forced calmness. "Dost remember me?"

"Remember you?" howled his lordship, again springing forward. "Aye—by the Holy One of Israel, I do! Unhand that girl, or, by the gods, I'll smite thee unto death upon the spot where thou stand'st!"

He placed his hand upon Emma's arm as he spoke, but with a quick cry she broke from him. Julian forgot that Thomas Cleaveland was an earl; he forgot where he stood; he forgot all but the intense fire that burst all bounds of restraint in his bosom; and, with one mighty blow, he smote the foul wretch upon the breast, felling him to the pavement like a stricken ox.

In a few moments the earl regained his feet, and as he did so he felt a hand laid heavily upon his shoulder. He turned, and beheld John Lowhill, the king's sheriff of Yorkshire.

"Rest easy for awhile, good sir," the sheriff said, "for we have need of your presence in a little business we are called upon to transact."

"Business!" cried Sir Thomas, still foaming with rage and pain. "What care I for your business? Is the earl of Stanbury to be knocked down in his own hall, and then told to rest easy? By heavens, where is that villain?"

"Hold, Sir Thomas," ordered the officer, detaining him by the arm, "and believe me when I tell you that you had best remain quiet. Let this difficulty be settled at some future time."

"But——"

"Stop! No *buts* now." And then the sheriff added, in a low whisper, "You may save yourself much trouble and shame by doing as I bid you!"

There was something in the manner in which this was spoken, and in the meaning look which accompanied it, that startled his lordship, and he shrank into submission at once. His pride of station gave way beneath his sense of enormous guilt.

In the meantime there had been another scene in the [illegible] Archbishop of York, had entered the apartment in company with two of the sheriff's deputies, and intercepted the lady Lavinia, as she was upon the point of leaving. She had claimed the privilege of going where she pleased, and had raved considerably; but her paroxysms had little effect upon the officers.

Walter Dean had recognized the archbishop, and he, too, would have slunk away had he not been detained. He was a coward by nature, and all his base courage, which he could exhibit to those over whom he had authority, left him when Robert Abbeford looked him in the eye.

When Mary Nolan had hung upon the neck of her dear mistress till she had wept herself blind; and when dame Warrenton had kissed and embraced her; and the honest woodman had blessed God that he once more grasped her by the hand—then she turned to Julian, and asked him:

"What is it? What has happened?"

"Wait," he answered. "Let us follow the sheriff, and we shall see. There is mystery in it to me yet. The good archbishop and dame Warrenton have been closeted together at the cot, and there is some strange meaning in their looks and nods. But we shall see. They have led the earl in—let us follow."

It was a strange party thus strangely assembled in the large drawing-room of Woldhill Hall. The lady Lavinia had sunk into her large chair, and looked ugly and vindictive. Near her sat Walter Dean, his bloated face worked upon by varied emotions, though fear predominated. Sir Thomas had been suffered to sit down, and he glared fiercely and hatefully upon the man who had struck him, though at times he paled and trembled with another feeling. Emma Dean, dame Warrenton, Mary Nolan, and Adam stood together in one corner of the room; while old Mark stood at a little distance off, quietly surveying the scene. The archbishop, yet in the prime of life, conversed apart for a few moments with the sheriff and Julian, while the two deputies were engaged in looking after those who might possibly need looking after.

Most of them looked eager and anxious, for it was evident that some startling developments were to be made. Lavinia Cleaveland seemed to realize this, for as she saw Abbeford so familiar with Glendower, and as she met the curious, meaning glances of dame Warrenton, her courage forsook her, and she looked the picture of despair, though, ever and anon, the keen fire of those intense passions, which even a deadly fear could not quench, would flash forth from her deep-set, evil eye.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT'S COMING NOW?

Finally the lady Lavinia drew her chair close to her grandson, and whispered something in his ear. He answered with a look, and then, turning towards the archbishop, he demanded:

"Sir, what is all this parade? What means this intrusion upon the rights and privileges of a British peer? Are you aware that you are laying yourself liable to severe penalties. I know my rights, and I will maintain them."

"Thomas Cleaveland," returned the prelate, with a portentous look and tone, "circumstances have occurred which warrant the course I have pursued, and had I no authority but my own will I should not hesitate one moment to use it to the fullest extent. But we have more authority. The officers who accompany me have power, by writs competently issued, to do much more than I could have done. I came, first to liberate our well-beloved child, the lady Emma Dean; and having found her I take her into my custody."

"To liberate her?" repeated Sir Thomas, with a sneer. "You use strange language, sir. She was under the care of her lawful guardian, who was fully competent to protect and provide for her."

"Aye," added Walter, who felt called upon to vindicate himself, "I am her lawful guardian."

"We shall see," said the archbishop, with a significant nod of the head. And then turning to the earl, he continued:

"Our next object is to find Margaret Glendower."

Both Sir Thomas and his grandmother were startled by this, and for a moment the latter seemed to be stricken with a deadly fear; but she shook it off as speedily as possible, and then answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"I should hope you might find her, sir."

"We intend to find her," returned Abbeford, "for we know she is in this building, somewhere."

"It is false!" returned the hag. "She is not here! I have not seen her!"

"Listen not to the wicked woman," cried Julian, starting forward. "I will go and find her if she be here."

"You may go," said the archbishop.

"And you may take one of the under-sheriffs, if you wish," remarked Lwhill.

"No," replied our hero. "I will go alone. I can find her—unless," he added, casting his eyes upon the woodman, "Adam will go with me."

"Of course he will," the honest fellow returned, stepping forward.

"Hold!" exclaimed the earl, leaping up from his chair. "By heavens, you shall find I still have some authority here! The first man who dares to ransack this place will do so at his peril! Now beware!"

"You will interfere with us at your peril!" said the sheriff, placing his hand upon the earl's shoulder. Sir Thomas gazed a moment into his face, and then sank back into his seat. He felt that there was some deep, dark pit before him, and he had not the courage to brave the power that oppose him.

Julian and Adam left the apartment, and at once sought the lady Annabella. She was found in an upper corridor by one of the servants, and when she joined them she looked wild and haggard, and there were traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Can you show me where my mother is confined?" our hero asked.

"*Your* mother!" whispered Annabella. "Is *she* your mother?"

"She is."

The woman seized the young man by the arm, and gazed eagerly into his face.

"I see! I see!" she at length exclaimed, in a hoarse, startling whisper. "You are! you are! The hawk hasn't got ye! Oh! that face—that face!—But come—tell me something. Tell me who has come here."

"The archbishop of York; and the sheriff and two of his deputies; and Dame Warrenton; and her son Mark; and Mary Nolan; and there may be more here."

"And what will they do?" she asked, still holding Julian by the arm, and speaking in the same startling whisper.

"They have come to get the lady Emma and my mother."

"But they have come for more than that."

"They have, but I know not what. I can tell you no more, for they have not told me."

[illegible] from the youth's arm, and bending her gaze to the floor, "they'll send for me—they must send for me—I shall come. But you would find your mother. Follow me, and you shall see her."

Thus speaking Annabella led the way down to the deep vaults, and finally stood before the door of the cell in which Margaret was confined. She drew back the heavy bolts, and then turned towards them who had followed her.

"You will find her in there," she said; and without speaking further she walked away.

Julian opened the door and looked in. He saw a female form reclining upon a chair—the face was pale and wan, and the frame was wasted; but 'twas his mother. He sprung forward, and called her name, and in a moment more she had fainted in his arms. The joyous shock had been more than she could bear. But she revived at length—revived beneath the imploring, passionate tears of her son—and soon wound her arms about his neck and blessed him.

In the meantime those in the drawing-room had waited very patiently, and almost silently. Lavinia glared about the room sometimes with frightened looks, and sometimes with the old daring ugliness. Finally, however, the door was opened, and Adam Nolan entered, while behind him came Julian, leading his mother. Margaret Glendower stopped when she saw those who were assembled, and a violent tremor shook her frame. She was very, very pale; and the marks of extreme suffering were upon her sweet heavenly face. Dame Warrenton hastened forward and caught her by the hands, and while other friends gathered about her, Julian turned to the archbishop.

"Holy sir," he cried, while his whole frame was convulsed by the powerful feelings that had been stirred to life within him, "what shall be done to the wretches who have caused this?"

"Wait a few moments, and you shall see," returned the prelate, with a quietness that was like the lull which bodes the storm. Then he nodded to the sheriff, and then went to speak with Margaret. Lowhill turned to one of his deputies, and bade him go and bring the lady Annabella Cleaveland.

"No! no!" shrieked Lavinia, starting to her feet. "She is not fit to bring here! She is sick—she is crazy! It must not be!"

"Go," pronounced the sheriff.

"Now, by the holy saints!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, "if you offer this indignity to my mother, I'll stand upon my power, and it shall be the worse for you all! I have force enough within these walls to annihilate you all, and if things be pushed thus, be assured I'll do it! By what authority come you here? By what authority do you dare to invade my castle? Dare to touch my mother—to drag her in here—and my men shall turn you out of doors, in spite of your official robes!"

"Easy, young sir," said the sheriff, who seemed not at all touched by the earl's words. "Here is a document, made by Sir Peter Acton, and issued from his court, ordering the arrest of him called Thomas Cleaveland, of the lady Lavinia, and of the lady Annabella. Now rest a while, and grow calm."

"She cannot come!" gasped the old beldam, as she saw the deputy turn towards the door.

"She is well enough," interposed Adam Nolan. "We saw her when we were out, and she showed us where Mrs. Glendower was confined."

"Ha! torment and fury!" screamed Lavinia, leaping up from her chair; "it is she who has done all this! Where is she?" The hag started for the door, but she was seized and brought back, and as soon as she was quiet, the sheriff bade Adam go with the deputy.

They went out, and were gone some time, and when they came back they came alone.

"She will come presently," the deputy said.

"But why did you not bring her?" asked the sheriff.

"Because she said she was not prepared. She will come—I know she will."

"Yes," added Adam, "she is anxious to come. I don't doubt her in the least."

Again Lavinia attempted to leave the room, but she was quickly led back to her chair; and this time she was assured that she would be bound if she made any more movements of the kind. She uttered a deep groan as she sank down, and a mortal terror was stamped upon her wrinkled face. It was the first groan she had allowed to escape her, and it seemed to come forth from the sinking of her last hope.

Just then one of the archbishop's attendants, who had been left without, opened the door and announced that the man whom they were expecting had come.

"Show him in," was the reply; and shortly afterwards an old, gray-haired man entered the apartment. In his right hand he carried a stout staff, and beneath the other arm was a large book, the parchment covers of which were stained and discolored by time. It was Simon Beauchamp, the old parish clerk of Fylingdales. The lady Lavinia seemed to recognize him, for her appearance became more deathly, and her fingers were clutched convulsively upon the folds of her skirt.

"He has had them! He has had them!" she whispered to herself, but yet loud enough to be heard by others. "All these long years they have been right here upon our coast—only a few miles off—while I have searched in Scotland for them!"

Sir Thomas sat like one in a fearful dream. He knew, from the behavior of his grandmother, that some terrible blow was about to fall, but he could not imagine what. Yet the fear and suspense was sufficient to paralyze him, and he remained motionless.

The archbishop had just shaken the old clerk by the hand when the hall door was opened, and Annabella Cleaveland slowly entered the apartment. But see! Look upon the ghastly, towering form that follows her, like a spirit of the grave! See those who stand around start and shudder. See Julian Glendower bend forward, and shade his eye with his hand, to be sure he sees aright. See Thomas Cleaveland leap up from his chair, and then sink back again. And see Lavinia. See how she writhes as though a thousand death-pangs were tearing at her soul, as the pirate chieftain stalks slowly into the room.

Dixon Grunker gazed around upon the company for a moment, and then, with an expression of pain, he sank into a chair towards which Annabella had led him, and pressed his hands upon that old place on his bosom.

"Fool! traitress! idiot!" screamed Lavinia, calling back her energies once more, as she fixed her burning gaze upon Annabella, "you dare not do it! Beware!"

"Hold, my mother," returned the woman thus addressed, with a trembling voice, though her look told that she was firm of purpose. "I have made up my mind, and I fear you not."

"I am not thy mother," the beldam cried.

"Would to God thou wert not, Lavinia Cleaveland; but, alas! thou art, and the record cannot be wiped out."

"I am not! It is a lie!—a base, foul lie!"

"Hold!" interrupted the archbishop. "There is something here that must be revealed methodically."

"And I in turn say, *Hold!*" exclaimed Sir Thomas, who had at this moment caught the eye of Dixon Grunker fixed upon him, and whose energies had thereby been called back to life. "What does this pirate here? What sort of company do you keep?"

"For the present, we are forced to keep the company we find at Woldhill," returned Abbeford.

"Let him speak on," pronounced the buccaneer, in a tone that seemed to come from some deep vault. "I have sinned enough, but those of Woldhill cannot claim to be patterns for my reform. I have suffered wrong enough at their hands."

"Now let Margaret Glendower speak," said the archbishop. And then turning to where Margaret sat, by the side of her son, he added—

"You can tell your story now. I know it all—Dame Warrenton has told me the whole. You may speak the truth now without fear."

"Speak!" repeated Margaret, with a startled look. "Speak the truth!"

"Aye—for there is nothing more to fear. Your honor, your good name, the true faith of your dead husband are all yours."

"*All—all—mine!*" she shrieked, in thrilling tones. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" And she would have sunk upon the floor had not her son caught her in his arms.

"Mother! mother! My own dear mother!" he cried. "Awake—look up!"

Slowly she opened her eyes, and when she recognized her boy she murmured—

"O—Julian—is it all true? Did he speak truly to me?"

But Julian Glendower could not answer. He was bewildered and puzzled. He knew not what was meant—he only felt a thrilling hope that the cloud was to be removed from his mother's soul. But Dame Warrenton came to his assistance.

"He did speak truly, dear Margaret," she said, bending over and brushing the golden tresses from her pure white brow. "Look up. You know me."

"Yes, good mother," the feeble woman whispered, looking up from her eyes of heavenly blue.

"And may I not speak for you? May I not tell your story?"

"But *they—they!* They will not kill my boy!" Margaret uttered, with a convulsive shudder.

"You have nothing to fear, dear lady," the dame replied—"nothing at all. I will tell them the story if you wish."

"Then tell it—tell it as it is. You know it." And when she had thus spoken Margaret Glendower rested her head upon the bosom of her son.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AN OBEDIENT CHILD.

No object is more pleasing than a meek and obedient child. It reflects honor upon its parents, for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure to the utmost limit of what it is fit. It promises excellence and usefulness, to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the government of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management. We pity orphans who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied; it has no parent; it has its own master—peevish, forward, headstrong, blind—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to; not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all who in future will be connected with it.

A HIGHLAND MASSACRE.

Bordering clans, like neighboring nations, were never upon terms of hereditary concord; vicinity produced rivalry, and rivalry produced war: for this reason, the Mac Donells and the Mac Kenzies were never long without some act of hostility or feud; firing houses, driving herds, raising rents, and slaughtering each other's clansmen, were feats of recreation which each was equally willing to exercise upon his neighbor; and if either was more deficient than the other, it was more from want of opportunity, than lack of good-will. Among all the exploits which were thus occasioned between the two clans, none was more celebrated, nor more fearful, than the burning of the Cillechrist (Christ's Church); it gave occasion and name to the pibroch of the Glengarrie family, and was provoked and performed in the following manner. In the course of a long succession of fierce and sanguinary conflicts, the Mac Lelans, a race who were followers of the Mac Kenzies, took occasion to intercept, and assassinate, the eldest son of Donald Mac Angus of Glengarrie. Donald died shortly after, and his second son, who succeeded to the chieftaincy of the clan, was too young to undertake the conduct of any enterprise to revenge the death of his brother: his cousin, however, Angus Mac Raonuill of Lundi, acted as his captain, and, gathering the Mac Donells, in two separate raids swept off the rents from the greater part of Lord Seaforth's country. Still, this revenge seemed to him too poor an expiation for the blood of his chief: the warm life of the best of his foemen was the only sacrifice which he thought he could offer as an acceptable oblation to appease the manes of the murdered; and he, therefore, projected a third expedition, resolving in this to fill the measure of vengeance to the brim. In the prosecution of his design he awaited a favorable opportunity, and, gathering a small band of men, penetrated into the country of the Mac Kenzies, early on a Sunday morning, and surrounded the Cillechrist, while a numerous congregation were assembled within its walls. Inexorable in his purpose, Angus commanded his men to set fire to the building, and slaughter all who endeavored to break forth. Struck with despair when the flames rushed in upon the aisle of the church, and they beheld the circle of bare claymores glancing beyond the door, the congregation, scarce knowing what they did, endeavored to force their way through the weapons and the flames; but, pent within the narrow pass of a single arch, they were not capable to make way over each other, far less to break the ring of broadswords which bristled round the porch: men, women, and children, were driven back into the blazing pile, or hewn down, and transfixed at the gorge of the entrance; the flames increased on every side, a heavy column of livid smoke rolled upward on the air, and the roar of infuriated men, the wailing of suffering infants, and the shrieks of despairing women, rung from within the dissolving pile. While the church was burning, the piper of the Mac Donells marched round the building, playing, as was customary on extraordinary occasions, an extempore piece of music: the pibroch which he now played, was called, from the place where it was composed, Cillechrist, and afterwards became the pibroch of the Glengarrie family. At length the flames poured forth from every quarter of the building, the roof fell in, there was one mingled yell, one crash of ruin; the flame sunk in smoldering vapor, and all was silent. Angus had looked on with stern unrelenting determination, but the deed was done, and recollection now warned him of the danger of delay; he immediately gave orders to retreat, and leading off his men, set off with the utmost expedition for his own country. The flames of the church had, however, lighted a beacon of alarm which blazed far and wide: the Mac Kenzies had gathered in numerous bodies, and took the chase with such vigor, that they came in sight of the Mac Donells long before they got to the border of their country. Angus Mac Raonuill, seeing the determination of the pursuit, and the superiority of its numbers, ordered his men to separate, and shift each for himself: they dispersed accordingly, and made every one his way to his own home as well as he could. The commander of the Mac Kenzies did not scatter his people, but, intent on securing the leader of his foemen, held them together on the track of Angus Mac Raonuill, who with a few men in his company fled towards Loch Ness. Angus always wore a scarlet plush jacket, and it now served to mark him out to the knowledge of the pursuers. Perceiving that the whole chase was drawn after himself, he separated his followers one by one, till at length he was left alone; but yet the pursuers turned not aside upon the track of any other. When they came near the burn (river) of Alt Shian, the leader of the Mac Kenzies had gained so much on the object of his pursuit, that he had nearly overtaken him. The river which was before them runs in this place through a rocky chasm, or trough, of immense depth, and considerable breadth: Angus knew that death was behind him, and gathering all his strength, he dashed at a desperate leap, and being a man of singular vigor and activity, succeeded in clearing it. The leader of the Mac Kenzies, reckless of danger in the ardor of the pursuit, followed also at the leap, but, less athletic than his adversary, he failed of its length, and slipping on the side of the crag, held by the slender branch of a birch-tree which grew above him on the brink. The Mac Donell, looking back in his flight, to see the success of his pursuer, beheld him hanging to the tree, and struggling to gain the edge of the bank: he turned, and drawing his dirk, at one stroke severed the branch which supported the Mac Kenzie;—"I have left much behind me with you to-day," said he, "take that also." The wretched man, rolling from rock to rock, fell headlong into the stream below, where, shattered and mangled by the fall, he expired in the water. Angus Mac Raonuill continued his flight, and the Mac Kenzies, though bereft of their leader, held on the pursuit. Checked, however, by the stream which none of them dared to leap, Angus was gaining fast upon them, when a musket discharged at him by one of the pursuers, wounded him severely, and greatly retarded his speed. After passing the river, the Mac Kenzies again drew hard after him, and as they came in sight of Loch Ness, Angus perceiving his strength to fail with his wound, and his enemies pressing upon him, determined to attempt swimming the loch: he rushed into the water, and for some time, refreshed by its coolness, swam with much vigor and confidence. His limbs would, however, in all probability have failed him before he had crossed the half of the distance to the opposite bank; but Fraser of Fyars, a particular friend of the Glengarrie family, seeing a single man pursued by a party out of the Mac Kenzies' country, and knowing that the Mac Donells had gone upon an expedition in that direction, got out a boat, and hastening to the aid of Angus, took him on board, and conveyed him in safety to the east side of the loch. The Mac Kenzies, seeing their foeman had escaped, discontinued the pursuit, and Angus returned at his leisure to Glengarrie.

☞ A MAN'S own good breeding is the best protection against other people's ill manners.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

One by one our days are gliding,
Gliding silently away;
Some are spent in careless gladness,
Heedless of the touch of sadness;
Gloomy shadows never stray,
Where the light is brightly shining,
Where the sunbeams play.

Others pass in doubt and sorrow,
Joy gives place to care and pain;
Death of many a friend bereaves us,
Hope, deceitful Hope, deceives us,
False is its alluring strain;
Its thrilling tones how soon they're lost,
They never come again.

Swiftly are our fleeting moments
Traveling to the dreamy Past;
Others come when they have vanished,
And the warning 's often banished,
Which tells how night is gathering fast;
And Time, who measures out our days,
Soon will measure out the last.

TWO EVENINGS IN ONE LIFE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

"Then you will not go home with me?"

"Not I, my dear fellow. I have not forgotten, though you seem to have done so, that I have a home of my own once more, and a dear little wife waiting for me there."

"I beg ten thousand pardons. Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Leigh, and tell her I shall soon come and beg her to fulfill the promise she made to me a week ago."

"And what was that?"

"Oh, you need not look daggers at me, Leigh. She only promised to take me out in the little boat you have lately given her."

"That she will do with pleasure, I am very sure. Poor child, she danced with delight when I first showed it to her, as it lay at the water's edge. Good-by, Rivers, you must come and see us soon."

The two gentlemen, who had just alighted from the cars together, shook hands and separated, each going his own way. The younger of the two, a good-natured, rosy-faced merchant, hurried home to his wife and family; the elder clasped his hands behind him, with his gold-headed cane trailing on the ground, and walked thoughtfully away towards another part of the town, which lay along the shore of the broad Atlantic. He was a man who would have attracted notice in a crowd, by the peculiarity of his gait and bearing. He was somewhat above the medium hight, and firmly and gracefully formed. More than sixty winters had passed above his head, yet he was stately and erect as ever, and the light of his dark blue eyes was undimmed. His hair, still dark and glossy, fell in careless curls upon the collar of his coat, and he wore a beard and moustache that Vandyck himself would have delighted to paint. His features were straight and regular, his face grave and melancholy, yet a sensual expression lingered around the moustached mouth that marred its beauty. His manner was dignified and courteous, his voice low and musical, and his speech singularly refined. In one word, he seemed a man whom many women might have loved, yet who had grown dissatisfied with the world, and distrustful of his friends, and who felt a certain weariness and disgust at the thought of the pleasures which had once filled his heart. I do not think his life had been a very happy one, after all, and at its close, his own melancholy temperament tended to add to its gloom. There was one ray of light, however, on his path. If he had been in a foreign country, I dare say he would have become a monk, but as he lived in the United States, he contented himself with marrying a second time, and taking to his home and heart a girl of seventeen—a gay young creature, only fit to be his grandchild, so the discontented gossips of the city said. He was going home to her now, after an absence of two days.

I think the pity of those indignant gossips, male and female, was entirely wasted on Mrs. Edith Leigh. She was like a sunbeam in her new home, dancing about from morning till night, and singing as if she had the heart of a bird within her bosom. "Mrs. Grundy" said that she had had a prior attachment, and that her cruel guardian had forced her to become the wife of Mr. Leigh. If this was the case, a disappointment in love seemed to agree with her excellently. She was rosy, and happy, and healthy, and always in motion, driving her pony chaise upon the beach, rowing her little "dory" in the harbor, or ordering her grave husband about in a way that made every one stare; and if she ever thought of her absent lover, I dare say it was in the silence of her own room, when she was lying broad awake in the moonlight, with a sleepy look just stealing into her large gray eyes. We never know the secret lives of those who are dwelling with us, or around us, and I am sure I cannot tell you if Mrs. Edith devoured any sighs or tears, or bent sometimes over him who slumbered so tranquilly beside her, during those long watches, and thought of another, whose place it should have been, and wept, and wished that she was dead. It would be a very foolish conjecture on my part, if I were to say it might possibly have been so. She held her peace, and so will I.

As Julian Leigh lifted the latch of the little rustic gate that led into the grounds of "Sachem Cottage," Edith came running up the graveled path to meet him. It was long after sunset, and the moon was was just trembling down in a long line of light upon the blue sea by which the cottage stood, the night air was soft and calm, and she wore no clumsy "wraps," no hat upon her head. Dressed in a plain blue muslin, with a coquettish little black silk apron, and a cluster of jessamine in her hair, she sped along like a fairy, and flinging her arms around her husband, half smothered him with kisses.

"Oh, I have been watching, watching, ever since the clock struck five," she said, breathlessly. "How could you have the heart to be so late?"

"We had the last train, Edith—I could not get away before. And have you been lonely without me?"

"Oh, *so* lonely," she sighed, and leaning her head upon his shoulder, she looked up into his face with a smile. Her husband's eyes were full of love and tenderness as he returned her gaze, and yet, as always when she was most fond, a pain was at his heart. Even in her affection he felt insecure. She came and nestled in his arms, and loved him, as a petted bird might sit upon its master's hand. But if the bird's wings are never clipped, who shall answer for its tame submission to a cage, even though it be a gilded one? There was a wild, free soul looking out of Edith's eye, that threatened to leave all ties behind it when first it felt its pinions, and the old man felt, at times, that she was least, even when she was most, his own.

They walked down the path together, her hands clasping his arm, and her small feet dancing an agile measure, that still kept pace with his slower step. By the "sad sea shore" they paused, and looked out upon the water, which was dashing and swelling against the garden wall. The lights of the city twinkled faintly in the distance, through a thin vail of haze, and a steamer coming up the bay carried a red signal above her decks. The voices of the sailors on the ships that were anchored in the bay, sounded distinctly on the ear in the stillness of the night, and the rolling of carriages on the beach was not yet quite done. Their cottage home, vine-shaded and encircled with flowers, with its latticed casements open, and the light on the study table shining out through the balcony, like a star—oh! how fair and dear a place it seemed to the world-weary man, as he gazed upon it. It was Edith's turn to sigh for its peace and quiet in after years, but she was not thinking of that just then. Her eyes were fixed upon the little boat that lay rocking on the water just below them, and her thoughts were with the past.

"Well, Edie, darling, what can make you look so serious?" said her husband, laying his hand gently on hers as he spoke.

She started, and leaned her head against his shoulder, as she still kept her eyes fixed upon the waves.

"I was not thinking of anything in particular, only listening to the sea. I believe I am like 'little Paul;' I want to know what the waves are saying. Something sad, I am very sure."

"And why?"

"Because they make *me* sad."

"Then listen no longer, my child. I think I could bear anything better than to see a cloud upon your face."

She stirred the pebbles on the wall with her foot, and sent them plashing over into the bay.

"Yet you yourself are often gloomy," she said, without looking up. "I remember it made me love you at first, but I believed you would be happy when I came to you."

"And am I not, my darling? Happier than I have ever been before—happier than I ever hoped to be—too happy, I am afraid, for I am sure it cannot last," he said, fervently

She was looking at him now, with a pleased smile on her face. What woman does not like to hear how she is loved?

"I am glad—I am glad!" she exclaimed, stealing her hand into his. "And yet I often think I have offended you, when you look so grave."

"Nay, my poor child, banish that thought at once and forever. From the first hour when we met, you have been a joy and a blessing to me. And if I look grave, it is not because I am thinking of you, believe me. The world has not always been so pleasant to me as it is now, dear Edith, and the memory of things that are past are not always bright or beautiful, yet they will cross my mind. Dear child! happy child! you have no memories to haunt you, since you can scarcely be said to have had a past."

His hand was smoothing her soft hair, and her head was a little bent, or I think the sudden rush of crimson to her face might have startled him a little, and if he had chanced to touch her cheek, he would have found it burning like fire. I do not know at what age Eve ate the apple in the Garden of Eden—she could not have been many days old, though—and this, her descendant, had seen seventeen years! Perhaps the gossips of Lyonia were right, after all, and Mr. Leigh and [illegible] the dark than in the light of day.

The steamer coming up the bay was now very near the cottage, and a band was playing on her decks.

"Oh, listen, listen!" cried Edith, as the sweet, sad air of "Hear me, Norma," fell upon her ear. She loved music—sad music, especially—though she was so gay; her husband felt her heart beating quickly against his arm, and when the steamer reached the pier, and the band stopped, her eyes were full of tears.

"Silly child!" he said, but his voice was gentle, and his manner fond. She clung to him, strangely moved and shaken.

"Oh, my dear Julian, let me hear you say again that I have made you happy. To-night I feel that I have not been a good wife to you—that I have not loved you so well as I ought."

"Why, what is this, my darling? You are growing nervous—I am sure you must be ill. If music affects you like this, I must forbid it."

"No, it was not that—it was not that," she said, dashing away her tears, and taking up her old manner again. "But the thought came to me what I should do if I lost you, and I could not bear it. You have been so kind, so indulgent, that I feel as if I had been very naughty, sometimes."

"Nonsense. You are the veriest fairy that ever came in a poor mortal's path, and I hope I may live to spoil you many years," he said merrily. "Now run away before me to the house, and never look grieved again. Where is Jip?"

"Sound asleep on his cushion in the study. He will be so glad to see you. Shall I go and wake him?"

"If you will."

She bounded up the steps, and presently reappeared in the balcony above him, with a little black and white spaniel in her arms, who whined and barked and wagged his tail when he saw his master standing in the grounds.

"Come up," she said, gaily, "and you shall have two kisses from Jip, and half a one from me."

He obeyed the summons, but before he crossed the threshold of his happy home, the old man bared his head, and looking up at the moonlit sky, humbly asked God, in his inmost heart, to forgive him the sins of his whole life, and to spare him this one blessing—to grant that she might never leave him, whom he had learned to love so well. It seems strange and sad to me to see a gardener, with his favorite flowers blossoming around him, only sighing because the autumn is coming, and his darlings are to fade and die!

CHAPTER II.

I suppose the favorite choir of his Holiness the Pope could scarcely boast a better singer than Signor Rizzio, of the Italian opera. Duchesses went mad about him (for he was handsome as an angel), and princesses stood ready to cast their crowns at his feet. As far as other women—nobly born, rich, young and beautiful—were concerned, he might have had his choice among thousands, so rumor said, and in this case (knowing what fools my sex can make of themselves on such occasions) I fancy rumor was to be believed. He sang in Bremen on a certain night which I need not stop to specify, and the pretty opera house was crammed from top to bottom with beautifully dressed ladies, whose glasses were leveled at him constantly, except when they were turned spitefully at a real or imaginnay rival, whose lovely head the fair creatures would gladly have united in pulling off, if the customs of society had allowed them to do so.

Signor Rizzio sang divinely—he could not very well help doing so—and looked ineffably sorry that he could not prevent so many beautiful creatures from dying for him. But there was one present who leaned carelessly back in her box, and seemed to care very little for him or for his singing. Her head leaned upon her hand, and her opera glass was on the cushion by her side. She looked proud and haughty, but she also looked sad, and sorrow often goes far to atone for pride, in my eyes.

The evening dress of pale blue satin, and the pearls that were on her neck and arms, became her well. One little wax-like flower drooped in her corsage, as though the heart beneath it had parched it by its heat. It was a sprig of jessamine, and perhaps it was the sweet perfume that had brought the moisture into her eyes, and the look of melancholy upon her face. Changed as she was from the happy child who had worn the flower beside the sea five years before, it was impossible not to recognize Edith Leigh.

She was not alone. A gay party of Americans filled the box—they were her friends, and she was traveling with them on the continent. She had left her cottage home forever. The prayer of the old man could not save his darling from a long and weary beating against the bars of what at last became her prison, a bitter struggle for freedom, and a bitterer pang than all, at knowing she was free. What God had joined together, man put asunder; and Edith, without a stain on her reputation, was yet a divorced wife. Her husband still remained in their old home; and she, petted and caressed and flattered by those who called themselves her friends, and who had urged her on to this dreadful step, left her native land, as she almost hoped, forever, and tried to forget him in the strange scenes and adventures of another world. For two years she had been with her party abroad, and now, as they passed awhile in Germany, it seemed probable that she might learn to be happy again in the society of one who loved her far better than he loved his life.

He sat near her, with his eyes fixed upon her averted face. Edith's choice had been a wise and yet a strange one. Turning away from the younger lovers who crowded around her, she only permitted and encouraged the attentions of a frank and gallant naval officer, who was more than thirty years her senior, and who followed her about and watched over her much as a grave, good natured mastiff might assume the guardianship of a stray kitten. She liked him for his simplicity and honesty, and though she never allowed him to speak of the future, or to hint at any other tie than friendship, he hoped in his secret heart the day was not far distant when she would bear his name and share his home. Of the lonely old man who sat by his desolated hearth, and thought about his dear young wife, he knew very little. Edith never mentioned his name, and he was almost forgotten by her friends, who could not be expected to sympathise with him as they might have done with her. Oh, how much of truth as well as poetry there is in those lines, which, I dare say, have come home to us all in some hour of grief, or will, one day or other—

> "Why, let the stricken deer go weep—
> The hart ungalled play—
> For some must watch while others sleep—
> So runs the world away!"

I wonder if it was a thought of *her* "stricken deer" that made Edith's face so pale as she left the opera house with her party that night?

They were stopping at the Hotel De L'Europe, and their drawing-rooms [illegible] levards. Wandering minstrels, by the score, halted beneath those windows, and played, day after day; and when they came laughing up the steps that evening a brass band was waiting for them, and struck up "Hail Columbia" as they entered the house. They ran up into the drawing-room, jesting about their theatrical welcome; but when they took their places at the windows to listen, Edith, who had entered the room with them, was absent.

"She has only gone to put her bonnet away, my dear sir," said her aunt, with a sly smile, as she saw Captain Congers stealing quietly out through the half open door. "I dare say you will meet her in the hall—if so, pray bring her in, and we will have supper at once."

The good captain, detected in his manœuvre, colored up to the eyes, but nevertheless persisted in it, and stepped out into the hall to find his lady love. She was not there, and as he passed her room, he saw the door open, and her maid superintending the lighting of the candles, preparatory to her return. Where could she have gone to?

He turned down a little passage, carpeted with green baize, that led to the private entrance of the hotel. The folding doors were open at the farther end, and as he drew nearer, he could see the two flights of stone steps, the great vases of flowers, and the statues on either side, and the aloes and orange trees standing like sentinels in their tubs. The street doors were also open; the fresh air came in, and the people walking on the pavements below, went about like shadows. The German band stood at a little distance from these doors. They were playing "Hear me Norma," and he lingered to listen. As he did so, he saw Edith leaning against a statue of the Dancing Girl that stood at the top of the stairs, listening too, but differently from him. She thought herself alone. Her head was leaning against the motionless figure—her clasped hands covered her face, and her whole frame was shaken by her heavy sobs. At first the utter wretchedness of her attitude, and the passionate nature of her grief, kept him back. But she was lonely and sorrowful, and he loved her. The next moment he was kneeling at her feet.

"Captain Congers," she exclaimed haughtily, starting back, and trying to hide the traces of her agitation, "I wish to be alone."

"Dear Edith forgive me. I did not mean to intrude upon you, believe me. I did not even know you were here, though I was looking for you. But when I saw you so unhappy, I could not go away."

She had beaten down her rebellious heart before he finished speaking, and seemed as calm as ever. He could not but notice that hers had been a tearless agony—that most terrible one of all.

"You were looking for me," she said coldly. "Well, I am ready to go with you now."

"But not like this," he said, rising, and taking her hand in both his. "Dear Edith, tell me why you are so unhappy. You know—you must know—that I love you with all my heart and soul. I would sooner die than see a shadow or a cloud upon your face."

A look of bitter pain passed over it even as he was speaking, for she remembered that another had said the same thing to her, long before, in the garden by the sea.

"I am sorry to hear you say this," she answered rather unsteadily. "Believe me, it will be far better for you to forget me entirely. You know something of my history. Let that teach you that those who care the least for me, are the happiest in my society."

The humility with which she thus alluded to her unhappy marriage and still more unhappy separation, touched him deeply, and he cried out—

"Edith I never blamed you for it."

"No, I do not think you ever did," she said with a sad smile.

"I have always felt that you were wronged," he went on eagerly. "Your aunt has told me something about it—not much—but enough to make me love you more, and to long with all my heart for the happiness of calling you my wife. Because he has been unkind to you——"

"Stop—who told you that?"

"Why—I must believe it, of course," he cried, impatiently.

"Well, we will not quarrel about it, and it is useless for me to fight my husband's battles, I suppose."

"You call him by that name still? Why, he is no more your husband than I am, Edith," cried the honest captain.

"I beg your pardon," she said coldly. "So I said once. But my opinion is changed now. Whatever his faults or my follies may have been, it matters little—we are still one. Our vows were made for life—I feel sometimes as if they would endure in death," she added, with startling emphasis.

"Do you love him so well, then?"

"He is my husband, and I cannot, if I would, forget it. Perhaps I do not love him as I might love another—but I feel a tenderness and a—oh I cannot say to you nor to any one else how I hold him in my heart. But I am very wretched—do not make me more so, by speaking to me again as you have done to night."

It was a hard struggle for the poor captain, but he bore it bravely, for his was a heart of gold. He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

"Edith, from this time you may look upon me as a true friend—as a brother, if you will. And if you wish to return to him, and will let me help you——"

"No, it is too late—too late," she said hurriedly. "You do not know him as I do. He will never forgive me while he lives, but when he dies—oh Julian—you will pardon me then!"

She laid her head upon the captain's broad shoulder and wept bitterly, while he smoothed her hair with his great hand, and talked to her as if she had been a grieved child. There had passed before her, at the mention of her husband's death, one of those strange swift visions that are like revelations of the future let in upon our darkened souls; and she had seen a grave in the fine shaded family burial place at Lyonia with his name upon the stone, as plainly as she saw it, when she knelt there, a twelvemonth later, and pressed her lips upon the cold sod, and laid her pale cheek down among the daisies, and whispered to him to forgive her. But the cordial sympathy and honest love of the tender hearted sailor softened her, and her tears were her best restorative. Her sobs grew less frequent at last, and her eyes closed quietly, and the quivering look of pain went away from her mouth. The captain looked down upon her pale face as it rested against his arm, and his heart bled for her. How gladly he would have sheltered her forever from the storms of life; how gladly he would have given her all the happiness a strong human love can so often bestow. But she had sealed his lips, and he vowed to himself to cherish her as a dear young sister, or as a darling child. He would have kept the vow—but alas—that gallant heart beats no more, and the sailor lies beneath the waves of the treacherous Atlantic. May he rest in peace!

Without a thought of the doom that was to come upon him, or the double grief which was to overtake her, they held each other's hands a moment, and said a few kind words, before they went back to the party who awaited them in the drawing-room. And on that second evening, the lonely husband died in America, with one true friend watching by his bedside, and Edith's name upon his lips. It was long before she knew that the sun which set so gloriously before her eyes, on the third day after, rose on her native land, and shone upon his grave!

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

BY CORA BELL.

Long ago, when the world was yet young, and men believed that flowers were the tears of Aurora, and the soft murmurs of waters the sigh of the Nereides—that the breath of Zephyrus gently agitated the trees, and a god impelled the rushing winds—in those delightful days there was an island in the old, gray Atlantic, which contained a valley of such wondrous beauty, that it would seem the sylvan deities had chosen it for their own especial dwelling place.

Blooming in ever-verdant loveliness, and hidden from every eye, it was nestled like a bird at the foot of a range of hills, or rather mountains, which rose high in the air. Peak above peak, and cone above cone reared their heads in every form of sublimity and beauty, until the loftiest apex seemed buried in the deep blue sky above. Luxuriant trees spread their branches around; the wild rose, the delicate harebell, and the purple violet enameled the emerald turf, and shed an odorous perfume. At the base of one of the rocky hills, there gushed up from the golden sands a fountain, the water of which was so bright and clear, that it danced and sparkled like mimic diamonds, long after being taken from the marble basin which contained it. The good people who inhabited the valley believed the reason of this was, that glad spirits, imprisoned beneath the waves, reveled and danced with joy when they beheld the glorious sunlight, for it was said the nymph of the fountain, a wayward sprite, half human half divine, had laid on the waters a magic spell—*they were never to see the sunshine.* A stone of enormous size, yet light as a feather to the touch, covered the spring until after sunset, at which time the maidens of the valley were privileged to fill their pitchers at it. But woe to the careless maiden who should forget to cover the fount—a mysterious and terrible doom awaited not only her, but all the inhabitants of the valley, should the morning sun look upon the waters.

Hitherto this simple precaution had never been neglected, for each one guarded the magic fountain (which was the only spring of water in the valley,) as their own lives. The young girls tended the water lilies, the golden sedum, and sweet asphodel that grew beside the margin, gathering no visible refreshment from those sealed waters, yet flourishing better there than anywhere else. The young men planted acacias, and poplars, and quivering aspens, and built turfen seats beneath them.

In a little moss-covered cot, shaded by the white hawthorn, there dwelt, with her parents, a young maiden, the pride of the valley—for she was the loveliest where all were lovely, and surely never did mortal eyes behold a fairer being. The rose upon ivory would be a faint simile to the delicate blush that tinged her cheek; eyes dark and tender, with a potent witchery in their glance half softness half splendor; tresses black as midnight; a form light, willowy, and graceful; a step firm and elastic as a young fawn. Such was Una.

Life had been one dream of happiness to the young girl. Her hopes, her wishes had been bounded to the little world she lived in. Here she lavished the full tide of love and gladness that seemed gushing out of her innocent heart. All things were loved by her, and seemed to rejoice in her presence. The birds came at her call, the wild deer paused in its startled course to return her glance of kindness, and even the lordly eagle would stoop from his eyrie on the mountain's brow, and feed tamely at her feet.

But even here, in this lovely spot, where rumor of wrong or evil had never come, and where sorrow, sickness, or death seemed almost unknown, there came a cloud to ruffle her joyous spirit. There wandered to that lone valley a stranger youth—a hunter, who had lost his way, and stumbled by chance upon the narrow, rugged path that led to it. He came to Una's home, and was kindly fed and cared for. Days and weeks glided by, and still the youth lingered—for a fairer spot, or a lovelier maiden, he said, in all his wanderings, had never blessed his eyes before. Together they wandered, hand in hand, through the flowery meads and lone wood-land paths, gathering the hazel-nuts and ripe fruits that grew abundant there. Sometimes they would sit for hours beside the magic fountain; and when Una told him the wondrous legend of it, the hunter would smile, and pluck the white lilies that grew beside it, and wreathing their green stems into her raven hair, he would gaze into the mirrored depths of her radiant eyes, and swear she was the only sprite whose witchery he feared. Then the bold youth would whisper tender vows, and sing lays of such entrancing sweetness, that the maiden's eyes would swim with humid luster, and the glow upon her cheek deepen to the brightness of the summer rose.

Once only the lover's brow was clouded. Oft he had talked of camps and courts, and regions of pomp and glory, far beyond those stern mountains—but now he spoke of his home—a far, foreign land, with marble palaces, and stately gardens, and golden treasures, and rich garments, and asked Una's parents to give him the maiden for his bride, until he bore her to this lovely land.

But the parents clasped their child to their hearts, and sternly bade the presumptuous stranger depart—they no longer loved him, for he wished to steal their treasure from them.

One evening he had waited for Una to fill her pitcher at the fountain. Slowly the maiden came tripping along, for love had filled her heart with a vague unutterable melancholy. The youth darted from his concealment and knelt at her feet, and invoking her by the nymph of the fountain, whom he said was the friend of true lovers, implored her to fly with him. He continued his passionate entreaties—though Una, shuddering, said that the poplars and aspens that quivered and rustled so wildly that calm summer's evening were the angry spirits of the water chiding. The youth laughed daringly, but the trees shook and rustled more wildly. The maiden's heart throbbed with such love and tenderness to her stranger lover, that she would have freely left her lovely valley and wandered with him into the glorious world he spoke of; but then came the thought of her parents—those cherished beings dearer to her than life itself—and though her dark eyes swam with tears and her rosy lips grew pale and tremulous, she refused to leave them. Her lover's brow grew dark with wrath; that night he left the valley.

And now fair Una wandered like a pale lily through each spot that had been hallowed by the presence of her beloved. In vain her parents and young companions tried to cheer her; her only solace was to wander where he had wandered, or to sit beside the magic fountain and pour out her sorrows to the guardian spirit of the waters.

One evening she was seated as usual by the margin of the spring; one after another the young girls of the valley, had filled their pitchers, had pressed a kiss upon the brow of sweet Una and left her. Sleeping calmly in its marble bed the fountain lay uncovered, while the silver moonbeams trembled and danced as they kissed its pellucid bosom. Like some lovely vision, the maiden sat with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her pure, holy face upturned to the glorious heavens. Suddenly the trees rustled wildly, and the waters were agitated. She started; her lover stood beside her. With a low murmur of delight the maiden sprang up and wreathed her arms round his neck.

"Come with me, my beloved," said the youth, "I have much to tell you."

The gleaming moonbeams still trembled upon the crystal waves of the uncovered fountain, but dreaming of naught but love and happiness the lovers turned lightly away.

The pair rambled long through grove and meadow, for swiftly the golden hours speed by when winged by love. Her lover had indeed much to tell that was pleasant to the maiden's ear. He had given up home and country for her sweet sake, and had come to dwell with her forever in that lovely valley.

It was late when Una's head pressed her pillow. Strange, wild visions broke the maiden's repose, and angry voices shrieked and murmured in her ears. Haunted by some undefinable impression of coming ill, she awoke affrighted. The first beams of rosy morn were tinging the mountain's brow. Like the lightning's flash came the thought—she had forgotten to cover the magic fountain. With a wild shriek she sprang up; there might yet be time before the morning's sun beheld the waters.

Her raven hair floating wildly round her, she flies with trembling limbs along the well known path. Alas! it is too late; the sun is already rising in glory behind the eastern hills. The fountain is no longer visible; but in its place a white foamy torrent comes sweeping on like angry ghosts retreating from the daylight. Shrieks of anguish now fall upon her ear, and wild affrighted groups flit swiftly past her. Some pause and urge her to fly with them—but, statue like, gazing on the advancing waters, the wretched maiden stands; already they have reached her feet. But her lover is at her side—his arm is thrown around her. He bears her to a lofty hill.

"Oh, save my parents!" exclaimed the maiden.

But the youth pointed sadly to where the flood had already whelmed their little cot. Her head drooped heavier on his shoulder.

"Courage, sweet Una," he murmured, as he kissed her clay cold cheek, "I will strive to gain yon mountain."

But, as if in mockery of his words, the mighty waters come leaping more swiftly on. Higher and higher they rise. The last tree top disappears—the happy valley is gone. And now the vengeful flood has reached the spot where the hapless lovers stand. Clasped in each others arms, they sank beneath the waves, and the morning sun fell with unclouded brilliancy upon the calm bosom of Killarney's Lakes.

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THE LAST ENEMY.

Death is the disturber of every man's felicity; an ugly shadow that darkens the brightest noon; a frost that defies swaddling clothes and the glow of summer. It is the great horror of every fancy, the great agony of every heart. A pitiless, pursuing, tireless and unsated hungerer, whose maw expands as it feeds, and whose thirst grows with the rush of the fountain that slakes it. A discord shuffling between all our harmonies; a cloud black and baneful in the sky; a wind bitter and fierce over the waters; a thick, slimy mist in the air, and a sand-waste on the earth, wherever we turn. No submission nor bribe, no flattery nor ovation, no prayer nor threatening can avert him. He knows no time, no ceremony, no fear and no remorse. The king and the beggar, the rich and the poor, the tyrant and the slave, have his favor alike. Sleepers on velvet cushions, in dungeons, and upon the rack, claim the roll-call of death. He carries a lantern, whose taper wick is fed by the light of souls struggling through pale faces toward eternity. He is in the air, in the earth, in the sea, on the gleam of the sword, and in the foam that sparkles the brim of the winecup! The winged Mercury of all "leprous distilments"—poison, murder, plague and famine. The extinction of races is his inheritance, the wail of the world his music, its agony his banquet. He has his pastime strangling infants, idiots, dwarfs and grown men, but his holidays are held on battle-fields, in massacres, and he delights in inquisitions, headsmen's blocks, and fandangoes under the gallows.

Death is the genius of graveyards, the god of worms. He snatches the king from his crown, the victor from his wreath, the judge from his ermine, and the bishop from his mitre. The hearth is made desolate by him, and the altar reft of its worshipers. Lovers, parents and children, and friends are parted at his nod. Even the poor miser, who has pined and suffered a lifetime, he robs from his gold. There is no expectancy he will not cut off, no honor he leaves undisputed, no seal unbroken. He envies even the fool the carriage of his carcass. Yet death has some good points. His indiscriminacy is not without merit. He takes the whip from the tyrant, and the chain from the oppressed. He relieves the beggar of his rags, the sufferer of his pain, and the weeper of his grief. He opens dungeon doors, breaks down prison walls, and lets the captive go free. He is the avenger of innocence, the protector of weakness, and the rebuker of injustice. He teaches the peasant the true value of his fields, the merchant of his goods, the money-lender of his gold. He rights the wrong, wipes out distinctions of blood, and proves the equality of men.

Death is a sterling Democrat, a leveler, without stint or measure, and withal a righteous, impartial, and unflinching judge. He stands by to ward off dishonor, the lash, and all worse infirmities and inflictions than himself. While he is a tyrant, he is also a drudge and a slave. We can force our burdens upon him, and he cannot escape. He is bound to serve the beggar as well as the prince. He cannot choose a moment's leisure, but round and round, with wan cheeks, pursues his task, the pack-horse of mankind. He feels no ferocity, for he has no will—commits no atrocity, because he is a tool. His office is negative, his term bounded, his end annihilation. Death is no grim, gaunt fiend. He saves as many buds as he blights flowers, and he does either from obedience rather than instinct. Why should we fear him more than any other servant of God?

A COMET COMING.

We are soon to have a visit from the great comet of Charles V. It has already come within range of the telescopes of the Parisian astronomers. Its first appearance was in 1264, when it frightened the people half out of their senses. It disappeared on the 2nd day of October of that year; and as Pope Urban IV. died on that very day, a story was at once started that his soul had been carried off by the comet, from which fact a thoroughly accredited theory of the cause of its visit was deduced. Its next appearance was in 1556, when it again caused a great commotion, as the people had not yet found out what harmless things these jack-o'-lanterns of the skies are. Its appearance about this time will probably occasion no alarm in any region where newspapers circulate. We are too familiar, in these days with steam, lightning, and other fiery and brisk matters, to care about the rapid movements or long tails of these celestial rovers. In this fast age, comets are "old fogies."

NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS.—We are glad to perceive that the "powers that be" are repairing the streets and roads leading to the upper end of the island, with an efficiency which bids fair soon to render New York one of the most favored of cities, so far as access to its suburbs, and "drives" in its vicinity, are concerned. This was certainly much needed, as the roads on this island have been in a shameful condition during the past year.

SLOTHFULNESS.

No one familiar with the sayings of Solomon has failed to notice how frequent a theme slothfulness was with him. He has condemned it with a variety of comparisons well calculated to render its possession odious and its avoidance desirable. The slothful man is represented as under tribute to the diligent, and as failing to roast the very meat he may have taken in the chase, because of his laziness! His way is described as a hedge of thorns, while he is taunted with giving unmistakeable evidence of being "brother to the great waster." Indeed, even into his bed, before he commences to walk upon hedges of thorns of his own planting, he is followed with the wise man's rod of reproof, and told that he turns over on his couch like an old door on its hinges!

What American youth could consider these terrible satires upon slothfulness, and ever tolerate the thought even of indulging in it afterwards? If there be one, he surely is not a deciple of the Father of his Country, any more than of the great Teacher of Wisdom just quoted, for freedom from this habit was pre-eminent in Washington. One of his biographers dwells with special emphasis on this trait in his beautiful character, and speaks of his industry as unremitting. It was, according to the same authority, a combination of this with his rare methodical exactitude and uncompromising integrity which secured him an embassy of no ordinary importance, hazard and difficulty when he was scarcely more than a boy in years. If anything further could possibly be needed to successfully warn our young readers against slothfulness, and invite them to its opposites, we would add the notification of Franklin, that "sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears"—ay, consumes the very health, as well as the character!

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

Although the greatest events in this fast age become stale almost in the breath which announces them, we think the Ocean Telegraph will bear discussion for several weeks yet. Words can not express a tithe of what the poorest heart *feels* in regard to this great fact. Silent awe and thankfulness are the only means of paying it a just tribute. Its glory and grandeur are not only inexpressible but inconceivable. The mind cannot grasp them. And yet the croakers have not yet done. There are still those who cry that it can't be done, and with malice blistering their tongues advise, "Just wait awhile, and you'll see." At first, these gentlemen said, "The cable can never be laid;" but the news of the arrival of the Niagara at Trinity Bay unkindly came just as they were in the midst of demonstrating that "it couldn't be done." The cable laid, the next croak was, "A message can never be sent across the ocean, *anyhow*." Messages having been sent from one shore of the Atlantic to the other, the croakers now say, "Your cable wont last six months, and you never can lay another." Should the last croak by any misfortune prove true, the triumph will have been great enough for one century. The two great facts on which inter-oceanic telegraphic communication is based, have been put beyond question. It has been proved that a cable can be laid across the Atlantic, and that messages can be sent over it. On these, we shall be content to rest our exultation for any length of time that future developments or misfortunes shall demand.

A SUGGESTIVE MYTH.

There is a myth connected with the hyacinth, professing to give the origin of its name, which is worthy of note, not merely as a bit of local history interesting to floriculturists, but as suggestive of a beautiful social lesson. It is this:

There was a boy-child, named Hyacinthus, so rarely beautiful in form, feature and disposition, that he became a great favorite of Apollo and Zephyrus at the same time. The latter, becoming jealous of his rival, suffered himself to shoot Hyacinthus with an arrow, in the worst dog-in-the-manger spirit. Apollo caused a beautiful flower to spring from the blood of the murdered child, to which he gave his name as a memento, and it has borne it ever since, now anglicised into "hyacinth." 'Tis thus that the blood of the good and the true of our race, when spilt amid the jealous conflicts of Vice and Wrong, with their rivals, Right and Virtue, becomes the seed of many a flower of humanity, sending forth the happifying influence of a sweetly blooming life upon the world!

AN IMPORTANT FACT.

Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which everything turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is known to be an essential part of their economy. A fixed rule of taking several hours' exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not, under cover, will be almost certain to secure one exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever waylaying the rich and indolent.

"*Throw but a stone*, the giant dies."

Low spirits cannot exist in the atmosphere of bodily and mental activity.

SPURS AND REINS.

Plato is represented as remarking of two of his scholars (Zenocrates and Aristotle) that the former needed spurs and the latter reins. Here we have the types of the greater part of mankind, and in contemplating them we discover the secret of the discordant state of society as it is. What else explains the disagreement which has ever been manifested between the "conservatives" and the "progressives"? the one class holding back, the other rushing forward, with a mutual persistence which is as mutually condemned and denounced. Now, could we, in some way, put a spur in the flank of Conservatism, and a rein upon the neck of Radicalism, (we will not say progress, because, properly considered, *that* is always legitimate,) it would be a lucky arrangement for the world.

SUICIDE.

This horrid crime seems to be on the increase in this country, and especially among the female portion of the population. What can the reason be? We cannot account for it, except on the hypothesis that it is a result of the debasing doctrines of Spiritualism, Mormonism, Free-Love, French Socialism, and kindred doctrines. These wretched fallacies unsettle the belief, dull the conscience, and deprave the morals; but they do not give the content and rest to the weary spirit which were promised to their dupes. Hence discontent, morbid melancholy, despair, and suicide. The youth, and especially the females of our land, should be warned against these illusory isms, which only lead to unhappiness, degradation, and shameful or violent death.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

NOTES OF A SUMMER TOUR.

NUMBER II.

Lake George is a little gem, though we saw it only through a vail of mist, the sun absolutely refusing to brighten it up for one brief moment. "Such a pity. It must be surpassingly lovely on a fine day," we all kept saying to one another, as we anxiously watched the gay clouds. Everybody seemed to be in good spirits, however, and some ladies, more romantic than wise, took their stations on the upper deck, spite of the slanting rain and mist, giving their gentlemen friends constant employment in tucking shawls round their feet and shoulders, till they looked like bandaged mummies. After a while they came down, and I saw certain mysterious-looking flasks drawn from the afore-mentioned gentlemen's pock-ets, and held to their blue lips, by which token I concluded that brandy sometimes does for a woman what sentiment will not.

And now again the old lumbering stage-coach is in requisition for a seven-mile jog, and trot, and plough through the mud, and we pack in, like layers of herring, and there is plenty of joking and laughing, for many of the party are young and merry, and it was blessed to listen to their ringing laughter, and look upon their bright eyes. Many a good thing was said, though had it not been half as good, we were all prepared to laugh upon the slightest provocation, for our legs and arms were bundled up in such a way, as rendered "dignity" quite out of the question, and gravity an impossibility. At last we arrived (I declare I believe they called the thing a "hotel") at the foot of Lake Champlain, where we were to dine. "Be advised by me," said one of the lady passengers to me, "and don't go in to dinner. I did it once, and since, when I stop here, I bring my own sandwiches." It is sometimes fun to sit down to a two-pronged-fork dinner, and the rest of us were in the humor for whatsoever the gods sent, so in we went. The staple commodities of the table were soft huckleberries and fried fish. Two girls—daughters, I suppose, of our host—waited upon table; that is to say, they rotated in a certain ghostly fashion, with their arms hanging by their sides, and their eyes fixed upon the floor, and were about as much use as two statues on castors, as it was impossible to catch either their eyes or attention. "What on earth is a fellow to call them?" asked one hungry man. "Waiter!"—that didn't appeal to them. "Girl!" it was no use. "You, there!" in a tone of impatience. The rock of Gibralter couldn't have stood it better.

Now if this was a preconcerted bashfulness, it worked admirably, for we could get nothing that was not immediately before us, unless some philanthropic fellow-sufferer, in pity, sent a pie spinning, a la Ravel, down the table. Well, at any rate we had our money's worth of fun, and could bear it much better than if the parlor had been resplendent with mirrors, sofas, tete-a-tetes, and "grand pianos," which so often pave the way for a terrible disappointment as to everything else. We expected little, and got less; but those imperturbable, ghostly girls cost me, many a time and oft during the rest of my journey, a button or a hook and eye, as the picture came up before me.

Talk of Lake George. It is to Lake Champlain what a pretty, little, simpering, pink-and-white doll of a girl is to a magnificent woman, the royal sweep of whose robe about her faultless limbs as she moves, sets all the pulses wild. In mercy to us the clouds parted, and the bright sun broke through at last. You should have seen it then—the queenly Lake Champlain—with the bold, dark islands that seemed to float upon its silvery smoothness, with the heavy rain-clouds gathering up their forces, and gliding majestically away in the distance, leaving a sky as soft and blue as ever arched over Eden. On one side the broad, green, cultivated fields, stretched away fair in the sunlight; on the other, pile upon pile, were the huge, dark mountains, up whose steep sides the soft mist was wreathing itself in a thousand fantastic, graceful shapes. It was a moment such as all of us have sometimes known, when pleasure is so intense as to become almost pain; when language fails; when the eye fills, and there seems more "Bible" between the blue covers of sea and sky than you ever looked upon, or listened to, before, and everywhere you turned, a voice—"the still small voice"—seemed saying, All this I made for *you*—for *you*. Now you might thunder the "terrors of the law" in my ears ten months, and it would not move me; but I feel like the veriest wretch alive, when I so intensely enjoy that for which my daily life is so paltry a return.

The boat in which we performed this trip was a Yankee boat, called "The America," and it was enough to rouse one's patriotism to go through it; the shining neatness of its decks and cabins; its efficient and well-mannered stewardess, always on hand, yet never in the way, understanding, as if by intuition, what everybody wanted; the nice, hot, orderly supper, with waiters that had ears, and knew how to use their feet. I was glad it was named "The America." I was as proud of the beautiful boat as if I had laid her keel. But all pleasures must have an end; and our destination being Montreal, we were soon to leave thrifty, go-ahead Yankee-land and all its peculiarities behind. As we passed the pretty town of Burlington, the residence of the poet, "Saxe," we all waved him our most cordial good wishes, which we trust the winds bore him safely.

Upon leaving the boat for the cars, which were to take us to Montreal—Imprimis, a hideous, cavernous looking depot, with one poor, miserable lamp to help us break our necks by—a great talk of "custom-house officers examing trunks," and "smuggling," &c. What a jabbering of French when we took our seat in the cars! and what exorbitant fares for traveling through such a gloomy, God-forsaken, pine-stump, log-cabin looking country! Sleep came to my relief on a safe shoulder, after I had relieved myself by the above speech. At last we reached the funny, foreign, forlorn, cushionless ferry-boat that was to land us in Montreal, and as true as preaching, in got that woman with the *seven babies*, who had traveled with us all day, calm as an oyster in its shell, though the whole seven were screeching alternately and eternally, poor little toads, and still *continued* screeching, with some real or imaginary pain under their aprons. I did hope the poor things were going to bed somewhere; but no, there they sat, bolt upright in the ferry-boat, all in a row—those miserable seven—with their mouths wide open, sending forth the discordant-est cries, and that prolific female never even perspired! but sat with her fat hands folded over her belt, calmly accepting her conjugal destiny! And this is Montreal, said I, as they stood me up on the pier with the trunks, and half deafened with the French jabber about me, I essayed to climb up into a thing (a cross between a New York omnibus and a "Black Maria,") that was waiting to convey us to the hotel. And this is Montreal. Well, I shouldn't care if it was Sodom and Gomorrah, if there's only a bed in it. When I mention that our destination was "The Donegana House," every traveler will understand that to be but another name for sumptuous fare and the most assiduous attention at the hands of the handsome landlord and his well-disciplined corps of servants.

FANNY FERN.

"SMALL TALKERS."

These are tea-table appendages, and sometimes hang by the dexter bend of ladies' elbows, and are usually "prim, puss-gentlemen," all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of "words of no tone," they lisp, or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken's perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, yet are not greedy in the possession of it: you may have their second-hand nothings at less than the cost trouble. Their wit is as an island in a vast sea of three months' sail; you may steer round it, and by it, and never make it; or if you think you descry it in the offing, you may tack for it, and hope to drift to its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple-anchor to hold by it; but you might as soon tie your hose or your horse up with a sunbeam, or get a will-o'-the-wisp to light you like a well-bred fashionable-hotel servant to your lodgings, as make ground there. The light of their minds need not be hidden under a bushel; a one-pill box would be a dome of "ample space and verge enough" for it. Like one "good deed in a naughty world," it might shine far and wide therein, and yet not gild its confines. Their most delicate, prim mouths are like a perfumer's shop, for they breathe nothing but *sweets*. Their talk only breathes honey, essence of Tyre, bloom of Ninon, violet washes, and a thousand essences that are advertised in the newspapers. They "die of a rose in aromatic" anguish, and are recovered by lavender-water and other "soft appliances" fifty times an hour, in their over-exquisite moods. We would sooner sit at an opera with five poodle-dogs in the same box, or be in a small room with three howling dervishes, than talk with one of these.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

A statement made by the Superintendent of the Public Schools of this city, in his report of his last examination of their pupils, has arrested an unusual degree of attention. We allude to the fact, thereby made apparent, that the girls have, as a general rule, excelled the boys in the same schools; in other words, that a comparison of the answers in the Male Grammar Departments with those given in the Female Grammar Departments thereof have demonstrated that the average grade of the former is considerably below that of the latter. By this fact is clearly suggested the important question of *the adaptation of means to ends*, which is the great desideratum in education, little as it is regarded in practice. Are these rapidly-learning girls receiving the kind of knowledge they will most likely find use for in womanhood? If the facts require an answer in the negative, as we more than fear they do, then should the Board of Education set themselves about remedying the defect.

Woman's sphere is being widened, not by dint of long speeches in short dresses, but because women are silently taking the positions of business life for which nature and necessity have fitted them. A change in the girl's educational training—both as to what and how she is taught—must inevitably follow sooner or later.

DIFFERENCE IN TIME.

Many people imagine when their clock is striking twelve at mid-day, that it is noon all the world over; and even those who *know* that the hour varies with every change of longitude, seldom have the fact brought home to them in a realizing manner. To show the difference in time in some of the prominent cities of the Union, we give the following table, which has been calculated with great exactness. When it is noon at New York, it is—

At Boston, Mass.,	12 minutes past 12
At Portland, Maine,	16 minutes past 12
At Philadelphia, Pa.,	55 minutes past 11
At Baltimore, Md.,	50 minutes past 11
At Richmond, Va.,	46 minutes past 11
At Buffalo, N. Y.,	40 minutes past 11
At Charleston, S. C.,	36 minutes past 11
At Pittsburgh, Pa.,	35 minutes past 11
At Wheeling, Va.,	34 minutes past 11
At Cleveland, Ohio,	30 minutes past 11
At Augusta, Ga.,	30 minutes past 11
At Detroit, Mich.,	24 minutes past 11
At Columbus, Ohio,	24 minutes past 11
At Cincinnati, Ohio,	20 minutes past 11
At Indianapolis, Ind.,	14 minutes past 11
At Louisville, Ky.,	14 minutes past 11
At Chicago, Ill.,	6 minutes past 11
At New Orleans, La.,	55 minutes past 10
At St. Louis, Mo.	55 minutes past 10
At St. Paul, Minnesota,	44 minutes past 10

THINK OF IT.

It is one thing to grow up like a cabbage or a pig, and quite another to grow up like a man. And yet thousands act as though they had never realized the difference. We are left to infer this from their conduct, for they appear to have no motives controlling their lives—if lives they are worthy to be called—but those of the lower order of animals, at the most, such as the instincts of hunger and repose. Hence they live to eat and sleep, instead of eating and sleeping to *live*. Only think of it! But if, perchance, they depart from this swinish routine, it is to add unnatural animalizing habits to their perverted natural ones, such as the use of narcotics and stimulants, which steal away whatever semblance of manhood they may have previously worn!

Think of it! And fix in your mind true notions of life, now—this very hour—this very minute—before you lay down the paper which carries this message from one no little concerned for the welfare of your class!

DIPLOMACY AND ELECTRICITY.

The successful working of the Atlantic Telegraph will deprive diplomatists of many of the opportunities for international intrigue which they have, heretofore, enjoyed. Nay, they will find themselves shorn of the chief element of their power to do mischief—the *secrecy* which they have been enabled to maintain. Of this the electric agent will deprive them by telling many a diplomatic secret before they shall have been able to use it for purposes of intrigue to any great extent. The telegraph is a wonderful revealer of hidden things, as the cabinets at Washington, London, Paris, and St. Petersburgh have found out already.

For this restraint and modification of diplomacy, so far as its evils are concerned, the world will have cause to be thankful.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE

IT is common to say that a liar will not be believed although he speak the truth. The converse of this proposition is equally true, but more unfortunate—that a man who has gained a reputation for veracity will not be discredited though he utter what is false; but he that would make use of a reputation for veracity to establish a lie, would set fire to the temple of truth with a faggot stolen from her altar.

POLITICS and personalities will give a temporary interest to authors, but they must profess something more if they would wish to render that interest permanent. It has been questioned whether Junius would not long since have been forgotten, if men could but have ascertained whom to forget.

FANATICISM, like every other excess, provokes a reaction; the cold fit of spiritual sickness succeeds the hot one; and the patients, forgetting that the reverse of wrong is not always right, swing to the contrary extreme of profligacy and irreligion. Thus fanaticism, the daughter of ignorance, is the mother of infidelity.

THE disagreeable and revolting countenances acquired by some men in their mistaken endeavors to insure themselves against the fires of the next world, remind us of the brazen Gorgons nailed upon our houses as insurance-plates against fire in this world.

"I DON'T know what to do," exclaimed a perplexed husband; "my wife, if denied anything, is sure to have a fit." "Well, you can offset her fit with one of your own—in such a case *counter-fitting* is entirely justifiable.

THE two most precious things on this side of the grave are character and life; and it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

HABIT will reconcile us to everything but change, and even to that, if it recur not too quickly. Milton therefore makes his hell an ice-house as well as an oven, freezing his devils at one period, and baking them at another.

IT is not what we earn but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

NOBILITY is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current directly into the great Pacific Ocean of Time; but, unlike all other rivers, it is more grand at its source than at its termination.

A LOUISIANA editor speaks lightly of kissing. His object evidently is to promote the interests of his own State. Sugar is her staple, and he knows that kissing greatly reduces the demand for it.

AN acquaintance of ours says that, since he dismissed his handsome doctor and employed a plain one, his wife and daughters haven't got sick half so often as they did before.

A CENSORIOUS man is a most disagreeable companion. Nobody likes the society of a fellow who, like doomsday, calls to mind all the faults of the whole human race.

"You know, dear wife, that you and I are one, so that when I beat you I beat one-half of myself." "Ah, yes, husband, but I will thank you to beat the other half hereafter."

THE ecstacy we used to feel at the discovery of a bird's nest, that little dish running over with music and motion, is among the lost things that are worth sighing for.

"How are you to-day?" said a gentleman to a neighbor, whose wife was ill. "Oh, I am suffering a good deal from a badly-diseased rib."

PHILOSOPHERS teach that "there is nothing without a cause." We are afraid that certain lawyers of our acquaintance must be considered an exception.

STUDY, if not directed to some peculiar end, is the mind's specious trifling. It is the chase for sport alone, and not for game.

THE more seldom a lawyer gets a chance to plead, the longer he talks when he does get one. He is the *less brief*, the more he is *briefless*.

"YOU gave me a fine joint of veal," said a poor man to his patron; "but I have several mouths to feed, and now, like the times, I am *out of joint*."

"I am sorry to say," said a sheriff to a handsome young widow, "that I have an attachment for you." "I am happy to say, sir, that it isn't mutual."

DEATH has been justly called pitiless. We have never known a man to be pitied either by death or fever, though we have known hundreds pitted by small-pox.

THE persons who are supposed to have taken the most *interest* in the late financial pressure were the money-lenders.

IF a man has a great idea of himself, it is certain to be the only great idea he will ever have.

IT is said that a comic writer is about bringing out a new farce, entitled, "A Journey Around my Wife."

A CROTCHETY man dives into the well of truth only to croak with the frogs at the bottom.

MANY rhymers fancy themselves possessed of the muse, when it seems to be only the mews.

CURRENT ITEMS.

JOHN GIBSON, while hunting near Little Rock in Arkansas a short time since, shot a robin, which fell fluttering to the ground, at some distance from him. He ran to pick up the bird, and as he stooped to the ground for that purpose, he was shocked to see a large snake in the act of seizing the robin. Hastily grasping the bird, he turned and ran, and to his alarm and horror he heard the snake in pursuit. After running till he was out of breath he turned to face the serpent, which at once coiled itself and sprang upon him. He grasped it by the head, and after a deal of fright and trouble succeeded in so bruising it on a large stone as to give him the mastery, when he soon killed the reptile, which proved to be a black snake about eight feet long.

A YOUNG Illinois lady has been winning great applause by manifestations of courage unusual in her sex. She first brought a robber to terms whom she found robbing the house, in the absence of the family, and finally had him sent to the penitentiary. A friend of the convict who came to the house one night to avenge his "pal's" fate, when the young lady was alone, was speedily put to flight by her, and has not been heard of since. Such a girl is a treasure to any community.

THE boiler of an engine in a cotton mill at Pawtucket, R. I., recently exploded, tearing the building in which it was located into fragments, and hurling one-half of the boiler fifty feet across the street into a grocery-store. A large eight-inch timber was thrown four hundred feet distant and high in the air, coming down upon the roof of a dwelling and passing down through two floors into a bed-room in which a couple of children were sleeping, both of whom miraculously escaped injury.

Two brothers, John and Mat. Schoonmaker, of Woodland, Ulster county, N. Y., while recently strolling in the woods of that vicinity, accompanied by a couple of dogs, suddenly came upon a bear, and although they had no weapons save a couple of small pocket knives they at once attacked bruin. After a desperate rough and tumble fight, in which the dogs did good service, they succeeded in cutting the bear's throat and killing him. He weighed three hundred pounds.

A RICH citizen of Chicago lately hired two men to whip a schoolmaster who had sent his (the rich man's) son home to have his face washed. The rich man was prosecuted for the outrage, fined $500, and sent to the city prison for six months.

A YOUNG German, named Manchenheimer, recently shot a young girl in Houston street, in this city, whom he passionately loved and who refused to marry him, and then went to his boarding-house in Sixteenth street and blew his own brains out.

A GENTLEMAN named Butler recently died in Hanover, Mass., of consumption, after a lingering illness of *twenty years*, during sixteen of which he could converse only in a whisper.

LARGE droves of wolves have appeared in the woods near Ebensburgh, Pa. A man who was out hunting in the vicinity a short time since, was pursued by a pack of them, and narrowly escaped being eaten.

A MAN in Detroit recently had an attack of paralysis, which his physicians say was caused by the too free use of tobacco put up in tinfoil. Let chewers beware.

A MEMBER of the Tennessee Legislature has been arrested for forging papers to secure land warrants from the United States Government.

NEARLY one thousand bushels of blackberries have been shipped from Madison, Ind., this season, for which $10,557 was paid.

THE TRUE FRIENDS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"They leave no sting in the heart of memory,—no stain on the wing of time."—HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Brown Ceres one day, with Pomona was meeting
Mid Autumn's inspiriting smile,
So, giving each other a sisterly greeting,
They sat down to gossip awhile.

"I hope you are well, dear, this elegant weather,—
How delightful the country,"—they said;
"And how do you prosper,"—both speaking together,—
"With regard to your business and trade?"

"Oh, where the rude thorn-bush and bramble were springing
With fruitage the apple-tree bends,
The scythe of the mower at sunrise is swinging,
And the song of the reaper ascends.

"Let us walk hand in hand, for no obstacle caring,
Till the vine o'er the mountains shall grow,
Its suit of green velvet, the brown heath be wearing,
And deserts with plenty o'erflow.

"The gold in its mine, with excitement and wonder
May gather an emigrant band,—
And the chariot of Mars trample on in its thunder,
But we're the true strength of the Land.

"For us, no lorn wife in her cottage is grieving,
Earth welcomes us both, in her prime;
No sting in the bosom of memory we're leaving,
No stain on the pinion of time."

Hartford, Conn., July 31st, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXXX.

NADIR'S LAST TRICK.

From the day when the beleaguered garrison beheld the destruction of the tower in which their countrymen had taken refuge, a feeling of despondency fell on them—a sad foreboding that their own fate was not far distant—that the promised succor, if ever it did arrive, would make its appearance only to avenge their fall, and not in time to save them.

The men pined although they did not murmur at the inactivity to which the stern necessity of their position condemned them. Theirs was the courage which preferred to brave death in the open field—confront the grisly monarch face to face, amid the pomp and panoply of glorious war, the trumpet's clang, the cannon's roar, and all the mad excitement of the battle scene. The monotony of their present life—the dull, unvarying, round of guard, relief, and drill—fatigued their spirits more than the severest active service could have done.

The commander of the 01st was more to be pitied than the hardest worked soldier in his regiment. Independent of the vast weight of responsibility cast upon him, he had the burden of a double and personal sorrow to bear—to console his heartbroken wife for the loss of her adopted child, and stifle the emotions of regret in his own manly breast, not to add poignancy to hers.

"Were I but assured that she were dead!" Lady Bell would frequently exclaim;—"dead in unsullied purity and honor, I might support the blow; time would reconcile me to her loss; but the dread—the nameless dread—that haunts me, waking or sleeping. I see her in the hands of ferocious sepoys; imagination conjures up terrors that blanch my cheek to dwell upon,—which it would kill me to find words to utter."

Sometimes in the bitterness of her grief she would call upon Wharton to rescue the bride of his friend—reproach him with coldness, inactivity; and when made sensible of her injustice by the sorrowful silence of the young officer, hastily repair her error and implore his forgiveness.

It was a bereavement that all sympathised in save one—Dawlish; but even he affected to do so, especially since the *error* which had proved so fatal to our hero and his companions; for the men began to look coldly on him, as if they suspected his courage.

"But for his *prudence*," they drily repeated, and it was extraordinary how they dwelt upon the word, "our comrade, Mark Rayner, and those who were with him, might have been saved."

As for corporal Stock, he held him in positive aversion, and barely condescended to salute him when he passed in the quadrangle.

"He may be my officer, colonel," said the old man, sullenly, in answer to a reproof which Sir Charles addressed to him on the subject, "but he is no man; he has never once spoken a word of consolation or regret to poor Rose, although his obstinacy caused the death of her husband."

"It was an error on the side of prudence," observed the baronet; "some men are guided by the head, others by the heart."

The corporal gave a dry, inarticulate humph!

"Discipline must be kept up," continued the speaker; "as an old soldier, no one knows its necessity better than yourself; do not let me have to find fault with you again."

Stock promised; and made one or two ineffectual attempts to keep his word; but, finding that to be impossble, he did the next best thing—avoided all occasions of meeting Dawlish, by confining himself to the quarters of the colonel and Lady Bell.

Sir Charles and his wife were seated in the sanctuary of the temple, on the evening of the third day after the fall of the tower. They were speaking of their lost one, so loved and mourned, when the officer who commanded the guard sent to inform him that an aged fakir demanded admittance at the gate; adding that, from the old man's signs, he suspected he had some communication to make respecting Mark Rayner and his companions.

"Admit him!" exclaimed Rose, whose heart bounded with that lingering hope which woman clings to, almost against reason; "pray admit him! Heaven, in its mercy, may have interposed to save him!"

The colonel shook his head despondingly. He knew how unwise it was to encourage so improbable a supposition.

"I will see the man," he said.

"Lose not an instant," urged his wife, with a sigh. "I can feel for poor Rose's agonies; there is no pang like uncertainty, when it regards the fate of those we love."

The gallant veteran waited only for the arrival of the corporal, for since the mysterious disappearance of Lillian, he had never permitted her ladyship to remain alone or without protection for a single instant—and then quitted the place.

"Oh, my lady," sobbed Rose, "do you think there is any chance, any hope that I shall ever see my husband again?"

"All things are possible," replied her mistress, forgetting for an instant her own sorrow. "If not on earth," she added, "at least in Heaven—there, where I trust soon to rejoin my own lost Lillian."

In the hour of their mutual anguish, the distinction of rank—the artificial ties by which the world separates the children of one common family—marks the select with the word *society*, and brands the less favored ones with the pariah's stamp—were forgotten, and, true to the instincts of humanity, the two speakers, each born in a widely different sphere of life, mingled their sorrows together.

Grief is a sad leveler; we have heard of genteel poverty, genteel distress, but never of genteel tears.

Perhaps some genteel lexicographer, shocked at the poverty of our language, will invent a word to meet the difficulty. When he has done so, we promise to give it publicity through the medium of our widely circulated pages.

On reaching the gates, the commander of the garrison found Fred Wharton, Burke, and a group of officers parleying with an aged fakir, who obstinately refused to impart the object of his visit to any but the colonel himself.

"Here is the sahib," said the doctor, who had acted as interpreter to the others.

The Hindoo did not appear to doubt him, for Sir Charles Fourreau was one of those men who bear the impress of command; nature had written "gentleman" upon his brow, the accident of birth merely confirmed it.

NADIR AS A SPY.

This was done, not to display his own learning, but to ascertain whether the fakir would understand him or not, for he somewhat doubted his claim to the garb he wore.

If an impostor, the fellow was, at any rate, a clever one, for he never moved a single muscle of his wrinkled countenance.

"The sahib speaks, doubtless, with the wisdom of his own land," he observed, in a tone of apathy, as if he did not comprehend him.

The next question was to call upon him to explain the motive of his visit.

"The feringees," answered the old man, "are rich. If they live in the land of mist and clouds, they know how to win the gold and gems of India." And, trusting to their liberality, he had brought them several papers which had belonged to their countrymen, who were so lately crushed beneath the ruins of the tower.

"Where did you obtain them?" demanded the doctor.

"From the saddle-bags of one of their horses."

As most of his hearers had seen Mark and his companions dismount and abandon their steeds to the enemy, the assertion was not doubted. The papers were given up, and a suitable reward paid to the speaker.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Sir Charles, as he glanced rapidly over the leaves of a rough diary which Richard had kept; "so young and good, to have perished by such a death."

The attention of Fred Wharton became painfully excited. He had never been able to shake off the impression that our hero might be one of the fugitives, and his old feeling of hatred against Dawlish began to revive in all its intensity.

"You speak of Tyrrell?" he said.

"Poor Tyrrell!" repeated the colonel; "one pang at least was spared him: he died without knowing the sad fate of her he so truly loved. I must conceal this last blow," he added, "from my wife; her heart is too severely wrung already."

The interview which we have just described took place by torchlight, at the gates of the temple. As the speaker was turning away, the fakir begged to be permitted to pass the night within the walls, urging as a plea his great age, and the ill-usage he would be certain to experience from his countrymen should they discover he had been in communication with the English.

"Gold pays for all risks," observed Burke, pointing to the bag of rupees the fellow still held in his hand.

"Except the risk of life," replied the man.

"Even for that," added the former; "you urge a useless prayer."

The real or pretended fakir—for not even the doctor could come to a satisfactory conclusion on the point—renewed his entreaties, but the colonel was inexorable. There was too much at stake to risk the safety, not only of the men, but the helpless females within the walls by allowing him to remain.

As the aged hypocrite—for hypocrite he was—slowly retraced his steps, a half-naked man, wounded and covered with dust, dashed through the still open gates. A dozen carbines were leveled at him; but before a trigger could be pulled, he called out, in excellent English—

"Close them! the enemy are at my heels!"

It needed no second order from the commander to cause the direction thus strangely given to be obeyed. The gates were rolled back, the bolts drawn, and the alarm sounded.

"Safe!" shouted the new-comer, wildly, "safe!" as he fell, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, upon the ground.

Several of the soldiers raised him, and were in the act of bearing him to the guard-house, when the Hindoo, who in the confusion and surprise had remained unnoticed, drawing a long knife from his girdle, sprang upon the senseless man, and would have buried the blade in his throat, had not the quick eye of Wharton perceived his murderous intention. Darting between them, he turned his arm aside, at the cost of a slight wound to himself.

"Do not harm him," he exclaimed to the troopers; "but bind him securely."

The treacherous Hindoo, whose character and intentions no longer admitted of any doubt, was speedily placed beyond the possibility of effecting any further injury, either to himself or others, by his captors binding his arms behind his back with their sword belts.

In their indignation, they would far more willingly have placed them round his neck.

Expecting an immediate attack, Sir Charles Fourreau gave orders to man the walls, and in a few minutes every soldier of the gallant 01st was at his post, ready and eager for action. The alarm, however, proved a false one, for the party of rebels who had followed the fugitive were neither sufficiently strong nor brave enough to approach within gun-shot of the temple; but finding their prey had escaped them, sullenly returned to the fort.

Leaving a sufficient number of men to prevent a surprise, the colonel and most of his officers repaired to the guard-house, to hear the examination of their prisoner and the rescued countryman, who proved to be a soldier whom General Anson had dispatched to announce the approach of a portion of his force to relieve them.

Unfortunately he had fallen into the hands of the barbarous rajah Achar, been wounded, and stripped of everything.

"In three days, you say, we may expect the arrival of our friends?" observed the commander.

"You may rely upon it, Colonel," answered the man, who, thanks to the care of Dr. Burke, had recovered perfect consciousness. "Shoot me like a dog if I deceive you."

On hearing this welcome intelligence it was impossible to repress a hearty cheer. The eyes of the prisoner sparkled like those of a serpent. There was something absolutely terrible in their expression of hate.

"And who are you?" demanded the doctor, addressing him.

The fakir made no answer.

"There are means," added his questioner, "to force you to speak. Where the lives of brave men are at stake, a false pity cannot be listened to."

"I can tell your honor who he is," exclaimed the messenger of General Anson, regarding the Hindoo with no very amicable expression; "I know the old rascal again, though he is dressed in rags. He was rigged in other colors this morning," he added, "when he promised the rajah to blow up the temple and the garrison."

At these words a thrill of horror ran through the veins of all who heard them.

"He thought"—continued the speaker, "that I did not understand his lingo; but I did. I haven't been in the company's service twenty years for nothing."

"You forget, my good fellow," observed Sir Charles, "to inform us who or what he is."

"I can't tell your honor his name," answered the man, saluting him; "but this I know, he is the head priest of this very temple, and escaped from it after you took possession."

"*By what means?*" hastily demanded the baronet, a sudden light breaking in upon him.

"He didn't say that, your honor."

Sir Charles turned aside to conceal his disappointment.

"You have heard," said Doctor Burke, addressing Nadir—for the prisoner was no other than the chief Brahmin, who had taken the desperate step of disguising himself as a fakir in order to return to his subterranean abode, from which the fall of the tower had excluded him.

"You need not speak Hisdostani," interrupted the soldier; "he speaks English as naturally as you or I can."

"Does he?" exclaimed Major Plinlimmon, who had been compelled to observe an unwilling silence, from the supposition that the prisoner understood no other language than his own; "then, by the colonel's permission, I propose that we blow the old rascal from one of our guns, unless he explains by what means he quitted the place."

Nadir smiled disdainfully. If ambitious, he was also a fanatic, and death for him had no terrors. Besides, he had long since prepared himself for an hour like the present.

"I have sworn my tongue should never reveal it," he replied, "or my finger point the way; but promise to me that living or dead no outrage shall be offered to my caste, or insult to my person, and I will find the means to indicate it."

"We promise you," answered the colonel and his officer.

"It must be by the only deity I ever could discover that you worshiped."

"And that is?"

"*Honor*," replied the Hindoo, scornfully; for even in the condition to which he found himself reduced, he could not refrain from marking his sense of the incompatibility of the lives of most Englishmen in India with their professions as Christians.

The pledge was given in the form he desired it.

By his directions the gates were opened, and the visitor admitted, and Burke directed to examine him.

"Who are you?" demanded the latter, eyeing the old man with a scrutinizing glance.

"As thou seest, a follower of Vishnu, devoted to prayer, penance and poverty—a thing of dust and sin."

"*All is not that is*," replied the doctor, quoting from one of the Brahminical writers, who, generally speaking, are so full of paradoxes and conceits, that it would seem the highest efforts of their genius have been devoted to puzzle instead of instruct their votaries.

"Now," said Nadir, after a few moments' reflection, "remove from my waist this ragged cloak and vest, and lay bare my body."

His directions were complied with; when, in addition to the Brahminical cord which those of his caste never part from, there appeared a broad belt around his waist. It was inscribed with a variety of characters, some having an astronomical, and others a religious, signification: amongst others, the sacred triangle was the most conspicuous. Strange that the Hebrew and the Hindoo should symbolise the Supreme Deity by the same sign.

The clasp which confined the belt was of jewel-work; in the centre of it glittered a large emerald, polished but uncut, like most of the gems of the East.

"Press the stone," said the Brahmin, in a firm voice.

The doctor did so, when a slight click was heard, as if a spring had been suddenly acted upon, and the blood gushed over his hand. A small blade, artfully concealed within the clasp, had penetrated the wearer's heart, who expired without uttering a groan or word, with a smile of proud defiance on his withered lips.

"The cunning rascal!" exclaimed the major.

"He has kept faith with us," observed Burke; "this belt contains, I doubt not, every secret connected with the temple and his order."

"We shall defeat him yet," observed the colonel.

"Alas, no; none but a Brahmin of the highest caste can read it."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE FIGHT UNDER THE TEMPLE.

Whilst the scene, which terminated in the death of the Brahmin Nadir, was taking place, Lady Bell and Rose, guarded by Corporal Stock, who had strict orders not to quit or lose sight of them for an instant, remained in the sanctuary, impatiently awaiting the return of Sir Charles, whose prolonged absence began to alarm his anxious wife; for affection hath as many fears as joys—and grief for the loss of her adopted child had not rendered her less sensible to the danger of one who was, if possible, still dearer to her.

"I hear the hurrying tread of men," she exclaimed, starting from the couch on which Rose had persuaded her to repose herself, "something unusual must have occurred."

Her companions listened but all was once more still.

"The enemy may have approached the place," added her ladyship, with increased excitement, "haste and see."

This was addressed to the old soldier, who, faithful to his consign, shook his head.

"You forget, my lady, that I am on guard," he replied, "and dare not quit my post till the colonel relieves me."

"This suspense is killing me," murmured the wife of his commander, impatiently; "I feel the fever of impatience in my heart—in every vein—I am treated like a child; even Stock no longer obeys me—he, too, is like the rest."

The wrinkled features of the corporal became yet more wrinkled on hearing this reproach, so little merited—for he would have died to prove his fidelity, either to her or his master; and for an instant he felt inclined to obey her. His hesitation, however, like his emotion lasted only for an instant; he recollected his orders, and, shouldering his carbine, began to pace the narrow limits of the sanctuary.

"I will go," said Rose, advancing towards the door, but the old man barred her passage.

"Can't pass," he exclaimed, with military sternness.

"Prisoners!" ejaculated both the females.

"Must obey the consign; the colonel's commands were, not to lose sight of either of you."

"Stock," whispered Rose, "this to our dear lady!"

"*I will go*," exclaimed Lady Bell, with sudden energy; "only violence shall detain me here."

The corporal closed the gates and placed himself before them.

"Dare you oppose me?" added the excited woman.

"A word—a last word," replied the sentinel, mournfully; "for if you pass the threshold before Sir Charles arrives, you will never hear me utter another. My dear master shall never accuse me of disobedience as a soldier, or treachery as a man. He has trusted me with the dearest thing he has on earth. I never deceived him yet: you wouldn't disgrace an old soldier's gray hairs, and break his heart?"

"Forgive me, Stock," replied his mistress, her better feelings returning at his simple appeal. "I did not intend to be so cruel, but grief—grief has distracted me. I will wait, and, if reason holds out against this agony of suspense—await patiently my husband's return. You are not angry with me?"

"Angry, my lady!" repeated the faithful fellow, at the same time letting the butt of his carbine fall upon the marble pavement; "an angel could not be angry with you, however much he might weep to see you suffer. This time," he added, "I feel assured your fears for the colonel are groundless. Had the enemy ventured to attack the place, we must have heard their guns ere this."

"The bugle call!" replied his mistress, incredulously; "you forget that, Stock."

"A false alarm, my lady; nothing more. See how calm I am."

These words, and the stillness which reigned within the temple, somewhat reassured the anxious wife.

"I never enter this place," she observed, addressing her companion, "but a feeling of terror and breathless expectation creeps over me. The minutes I pass here appear hours. Here it was I last beheld my child—kissed her as she lay sleeping by my side, and blessed her with affection's fondest blessing. Here it was that she was torn from me; and the mystery which shrouds her fate adds to the agony of the bereavement. Had I seen her dead, dead in her purity and innocence," she continued, wringing her hands, "I could have borne it—the thought that heaven had received one angel more would have consoled me."

"Dear lady, let us pray for her," said Rose; "it is all that is left us now."

"My life has been one prayer since I lost her," sobbed Lady Bell, yielding to a passionate flood of tears; "but it has not been answered; it has not been answered. By day she is never absent from my thoughts. At night I see her in my dreams—pale, struggling against ruffian hands that——. Her shrieks—I hear them now. Reason, mock me not! They pierce my brain! Lillian! my child! Lillian!"

Overcome by the intense emotion which imagination, as those who heard her supposed, alone had conjured up, Lady Bell staggered towards the altar, from which the grim statue of the goddess frowned as if in mockery of her sorrows, and would have fallen had not the wife of Mark Rayner caught her in her arms.

"This is terrible," she said, addressing the corporal; "we must remove her from this place, or madness may ensue. Her mind is giving way."

"No!" gasped the sufferer, pointing towards the idol; "there, there—Lillian—there!"

The old soldier and Rose both listened—not a sound was to be heard. The latter raised her mistress in her arms, and would have borne her to the couch, but, with a sudden effort, she broke from her and sprang towards the altar, which she clasped frantically. Her companion followed, and for the first time fancied she could distinguish a faint cry.

"Hark!" she said.

"You, too!" exclaimed Stock; "I thought you had more firmness."

"My mistress is not deceived!" said Rose. "I heard a cry; there," she added, her eyes dilating with terror, "it came from that accursed idol."

On hearing this confirmation of her own impression, Lady Bell, who was too greatly agitated to speak, grasped her hand, and drew her yet nearer to the stone.

The report of fire-arms was now heard, followed by shouts. The corporal felt bewildered, for the sounds appeared to rise from beneath the pavement. Without further hesitation, he fired off his own piece, to alarm the garrison; and in a few moments Sir Charles, followed by several officers, and a party of his men, came rushing hastily into the sanctuary.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet.

At the sound of his voice, his wife threw herself into his arms, and gasped forth the name of Lillian. She was unable to utter more, but stood like some statue, spell-bound, one arm extended towards the altar.

"We have heard voices from beneath the earth," said Rose.

"Firearms, Colonel," added the corporal.

The report, which sounded like subterranean thunder, was again heard, followed by shouts and cries: there was no mistaking the yells of the Hindoos.

"Down with the idol!" exclaimed the baronet.

In an instant, the soldiers, who were greatly excited, commenced an attack, with the butt ends of their carbines and muskets, for they were variously armed, upon the statue of the goddess, which for a time resisted their utmost efforts, till Fred Wharton, who actively superintended the affair, observed that it vibrated on one side, sprang on the altar, and, calling to Stock to hand him his carbine, began dealing a succession of blows with it at the feet of the statue.

"Strike only in this direction!" he cried.

The men obeyed him, and in a few minutes the ponderous figure reeled.

A piercing shriek, which seemed to rise from the bowels of the earth, added fresh energy to their efforts, and, with a hideous crash, the idol fell, disclosing the entrance to the secret passage.

"Give them a volley!" shouted the major, who began to feel greatly excited.

A dozen men leaped upon the altar and leveled their carbines down the yawning opening.

"Recover arms!" exclaimed Wharton, in a voice of thunder; and, such was the force of discipline, that the men involuntarily obeyed. "There is a female," he added; "some appear to be defending her, and——"

With a cry of agony, which sounded as if wrung from his very heart, he sprang into the opening and disappeared.

A dozen brave and resolute fellows followed him.

The few minutes which followed appeared an agony to Sir Charles and Lady Bell; neither knew what to hope or fear. At last the figure of a man, whose features were so disfigured by smoke and blood the eye of hate or affection could not have recognized him, emerged from the passage, bearing a female. With one last effort of remaining strength he leaped from the altar, placed his insensible burden in the arms of Lady Bell, and fell exhausted at her feet.

"Lillian!" shrieked the agitated woman, clasping her recovered treasure fondly to her breast; "my child! my child!"

The first sign of returning consciousness given by the fair girl was faintly murmuring the name of her lover.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Burke, who had been busy in wiping the blood from the features of our hero, "but it is Mr. Tyrrell!"

Surprise followed upon surprise, and a cry of mingled terror and joy broke from Rose as she threw her arms round the neck of her husband,

who, severely wounded, staggered from the subterranean den.

His three companions quickly followed, the lieutenant being the last.

"More men," he said, pointing to the secret passage.

The loud cries and report of firearms explained more rapidly than words could have done the nature of the deadly contest that was taking place below, and the soldiers, who by this time crowded the place to suffocation, hastened to support their comrades; it was a contest who should descend the first. Their colonel would have headed them, but for once Major Plinlimmon proved insubordinate to that discipline it had been the pride and study of his life to maintain.

"My duty!" he exclaimed. "You, Colonel, command the garrison, I lead the sortie. You must not deprive me of the honor, positively you must not."

And with an agility which, considering his years and obesity, had something in it almost miraculous—in fact, the speaker, in after life, never clearly understood himself how he accomplished such a feat—the generous-hearted Welchman sprang with a single bound upon the altar, and, before a word of reply or remonstrance could reach him, disappeared.

"Mark," murmured the agitated Rose, "restored to me from the grave, look up. Providence has cleared your name; your hands are free from the blood of Springthorp. Sanders on his death-bed confessed everything. He it was who on New Year's night loaded his gun with the leaf torn from my Bible. Look up," she repeated; "you have once more a country—a home—a wife who has ever loved you—who will die with you."

The eyes of the wounded man met hers, and a faint smile proved that he fully comprehended the blest intelligence.

Meanwhile the doctor and his active little wife were anything but idle. With the assistance of Lady Bell, who seemed to have recovered all her former presence of mind and energy of character, she had removed Lillian to her own apartment, and succeeded in restoring her to perfect consciousness.

Again the sufferer murmured the name of Richard.

"Safe, love, quite safe," said Mrs. Burke: "the doctor is with him."

"Dying! And for me—for me!"

"No, no," answered Lady Bell, who would once more have pressed her to her heart and wept over her, had not her companion, who had more presence of mind, wisely restrained her.

"Lillian," she said, taking the hands of the fair girl in hers, and at the same time looking earnestly into her eyes, "you know I never deceive any one; you can believe me."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, then, Mr. Tyrrell is neither dying nor dead, only hurt—a flesh wound or two, which I would undertake to cure myself without troubling the doctor. Compose yourself for his sake, for all our sakes, and you shall see him—presently," she added, for in her eagerness to calm the agitated spirits of Lillian, the kind-hearted woman had asserted all that she hoped, rather than knew to be true.

The firm and almost stern tone in which these assurances were given did more to satisfy the sufferer than the most tender endearments could have done. Believing that her lover was no longer in danger, the rescued girl threw her arms round the neck of her adopted parent, and wept upon her bosom.

This time her tears were those of joy.

"Restored to you and my dear father!" she sobbed; "once more in the arms of those who love me! Is it real? Let me hear your voice, to prove to me that it is not a happy dream. Mother, pronounce the name of your child: call me Lillian—your own Lillian!"

The warm tears which fell fast upon her neck were the only answer she received.

"Real!" cried Lillian, with a burst of gratitude, "real, and not a dream. Heaven has heard my prayers, and snatched me from the depths of the earth to light and happiness, once more restored me to you," she added, "still worthy of your love."

These words relieved her second parent from a doubt which wrung her heart with anguish to reflect upon, and for a time they continued to mingle their tears and caresses in silence.

Meanwhile the gallant 01st, under the command of the major, were far from idle, but continued to maintain a desperate contest with the Brahmins and numerous servitors of the goddess, who, to do them justice, fought bravely, though vainly; for the soldiers, excited by the carnage, and maddened by the recollection of Cawnpore, attacked them with irresistible fury, quarter being neither given nor taken on either side. In less than an hour they succeeded in driving them from hall to hall, from shrine to shrine, till everything like serious opposition was at an end, and the subterranean abode of cruelty and superstition completely in their power.

Amongst the dead was the Nautch girl, Kehoda, who, in her jealous madness at seeing her former mistress rescued, and in the arms of our hero, had been the loudest in urging on her countrymen to interrupt their flight. A shot, fired at random, had ended her crimes and sorrows together.

"Well," said the major, seating himself upon one of the numerous idols which the soldiers had battered down, in order to recover his all but exhausted breath, "this is a discovery! Who would have imagined that such a nest of hornets existed so near to us, or that poor Lillian was their prisoner."

"Not the only discovery we have made," observed Wharton, at the same time pointing to the guns of the rajah, arranged systematically in order at the entrance end of the hall.

Plinlimmon started up half frantic with delight.

"Twenty-four pounders, by the harp of Hoel!" he exclaimed, patting them fondly; "talk of music! I would not exchange the music they can discourse for the sweetest singers of Italy. In capital order," too, he added, after examining them carefully, "and fit for service; the fools had not even the sense to spike them."

Two persons alone had been spared—the collector and the police magistrate, and they owed their lives to the interference of one of the officers, rather than the pity of the men.

"Why bring them to me?" demanded the major, angrily, as they were dragged before him, each with his arms bound behind his back.

"We were here against our will!" exclaimed both the terrified wretches.

"No doubt of it," answered the Welshman, drily.

"And are servants, faithful servants of the company," added the collector.

"Take them to the colonel, and see if he will believe them," said Major Plinlimmon, who, despite his fiery temper, did not like to give the order for taking their lives in cold blood.

"We can render you an immense service, and, at the same time, prove our fidelity," observed the magistrate, for the first time breaking silence.

"Bah!" replied the old soldier, angrily; "our swords have already done all the service we require. Take them away."

The Hindoo pointed to the guns.

Fred Wharton whispered a few words in the ear of his superior officer, who heard him at first impatiently, but gradually appeared to yield to his representations.

"Well," he exclaimed, addressing his prisoner, "what is it?"

"You have the cannon," said the collector.

"No thanks to you for that," interrupted the major.

"But you have neither balls nor sufficient ammunition," added the police magistrate, "to render them available."

This was one of those disagreeable truths there was no parrying. The supply of both was fearfully low.

"We can supply you with both," continued the speaker, "on condition that our lives are spared. More," he added, in a whisper: "point out to you the secret treasury of the temple."

"Hang the treasure!" interrupted the old soldier; "it's the powder and balls I require. Keep your promise respecting them, and, although it goes against my heart's grain to let two such sneaking, cowardly, shuffling, rascally curs escape the cord they so richly merit, I pass my word for your miserable safety."

The two Hindoos, eager to seal the compact beyond the power of recalling it with honor, proceeded at once to explain how Nadir had caused the passage leading from the ruined tower to the temple to be undermined, and buried a vast quantity of ammunition there.

"Now, then, for the treasure," said the major, as soon as he had satisfied himself, by actual inspection, that his prisoners had spoken truly.

The Hindoos hesitated; they imagined that the speaker had rescinded that part of the arrangement, and hoped to appropriate it to their own use.

"What!" exclaimed the speaker, "do you imagine that I will consent to rob my brave fellows of their prize to enrich a couple of traitorous rebels? No, no; the promise must be kept to the letter on either side, or not at all."

With bitter reluctance, which nothing but the fear of death could have overcome, the magistrate and collector led them to the cell formerly occupied by the chief Brahmin, and pointed to a stone in the center of the pavement. By the united exertions of the soldiers, the huge block was raised, discovering a recess, in which the vast accumulations of years of fraud and superstition were stored; jewels of widows who had perished by the infamous suttee, bags of coined gold, heap after heap, were handed up, and last of all a packet of papers.

"I will take charge of these," observed the major. "Burke will be able to make something out of them"—a supposition which proved correct, for the doctor, with very little difficulty, succeeded in deciphering the characters in which they were written, and the discovery afforded one of the hundred clues to the plans and movements of the rebel sepoys.

To guard against all possibility of a surprise, a guard was left in the lower temple, whilst Plinlimmon and the rest of the party proceeded to rejoin their comrades in the one above.

Leaving the major to report the discovery they had made to Sir Charles, Fred Wharton hastened to seek out his friend, whose voice he had recognized in time to prevent the order, so incautiously given, to fire down the secret staircase, from being carried into effect. By his presence of mind he had saved not only the life of Richard, but, in all probability, that of Lillian.

As he anticipated, he found our hero in the quarters of the colonel, who, with Burke, was watching by his side. The latter had just finished dressing the numerous wounds of his patient when the young soldier entered the cell.

The features of the sufferer, now that the blood and smoke had been washed from them, appeared pale, rivaling the sculptured marble in their whiteness; still there was a feeling of content, nay, almost of happiness, in their expression; for, whether he lived or died, the lover knew that Lillian was rescued from the hands of her oppressor, and guarded by the jealous vigilance of affection, not a second time to be deceived, and ready, as he had proved himself, to die, if necessary, in her defense.

On seeing Wharton, he tried to hold out his hand, but it fell helplessly by his side, loss of blood had so weakened him.

"Not a word, my dear boy," said the doctor, placing his finger upon his lips: "I must positively forbid it. I am commander here; all must obey my orders now."

Wharton could not resist the melancholy satisfaction of grasping his friend's hand: it gently returned the pressure.

"You must see the major," whispered the young officer in the ear of his commander: "he has intelligence of importance."

Sir Charles rose at the call of duty, and, though his heart was wrung with grief, calmly quitted his seat by the side of the wounded sufferer and left the place.

"Lillian," faintly murmured our hero, at the same time fixing his eyes imploringly upon his friend, as if assured that from his lips he would be sure to hear the truth.

"Is uninjured," said Burke; "my wife has assured me so. Strange," he muttered to himself, "that the opiate has taken no effect."

Still the eyes of Richard remained riveted upon those of Wharton.

"I can understand why it has not," observed the latter. "The pangs of doubt are stronger than your drugs, or even the agony of his wounds. I will satisfy him," he added, "at any risk."

So saying, he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with Lady Bell, who, bending over the couch of our hero, gently kissed him.

"Lillian sleeps," she whispered, soothingly, "the terrors she has passed through have exhausted her."

The poor fellow, unable to speak, pointed to her tears.

"They are for you, Richard," she added, "for is not the life of Lillian entwined with yours? Live for her dear sake—for the sake of home and all who love you; and in the morning, provided the doctor does not oppose it, I will bring her to you. Think what her heart must suffer, should she see you thus pale and feeble."

"Not a syllable," said Burke, addressing the wounded youth; "I can forgive his doubting my assertion—for doctors are permitted sometimes to deceive their patients; but nothing can excuse a doubt of words uttered by such lips."

A faint smile rested for an instant on the pale features of his patient, who soon afterwards fell into a gentle slumber, his hand resting in that of his faithful friend.

"What hope?" whispered Wharton to the doctor.

"But a slender one," answered the kind-hearted man, in the same undertone. "Should fever set in no earthly skill can save him. It was a bold experiment you tried," he added, "but it has so far been successful that it calmed the agitation of his mind. The rest depends on Providence."

So saying, the speaker withdrew to attend to the wounded men who claimed his care. During the remaining hours of the night, the young soldier remained anxiously watching by the sleeper's side.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

IN THE STRAWBERRY VINES.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Asleep in the strawberry vines she lay,
Her dear head close to my beating heart;
And her lips half-closed and half apart,
As the sweet South wind did over them play.

I sat in a silence I would not break;
My passionate heart was all a-flame;
I thought in her dreams she might name the name
Of the one held dear, for sweet love's sake.

On her beautiful cheeks the peach-flush lay,
As the June sunbeams on roses rest;
And never scented bird in its downy nest
In such sweet repose as she was that day.

On her parting lips the thought I read
That sailed in the shallop of her dream
Down the tide of sleep, that silent stream
To which we are by the angels led.

The leaves of the lilac over us hung,
Keeping the Sun from kissing her lips
With kisses as warm as the beam that slips
From her heart where the lotus bells are swung

And I sat and watched as the maiden slept
In the strawberry vines, her dear head prest
To my beating breast, and her heart at rest,
For she knew True Love the vigil kept.

THE MOTHER'S SIN;

OR,

TWO LIVES MADE DESOLATE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Arthur, you are my sole pride and hope—the heir of my fortune and your father's proud name. I have nothing to live for but your happiness, which is my sole study. How, then, can you disappoint me by persisting in this unaccountable pursuit of one so every way beneath you."

"Mother, I do not understand you."

"Not understand my love and anxiety! How could I expect you would understand a mother's anxious affection! But, at least, I thought I had a right to expect common gratitude for all I have lavished upon you. You will bring me to the grave—you are killing me! Ungrateful boy——"

"Mother—do listen to me. Don't weep so. I am not, believe me, ungrateful. I do appreciate your kindness, and love you as dearly as son ever loved mother. That is right! look at me once more, and forgive me."

"Of course, I forgive you, Arthur," Mrs. Fairman answered, with the air of a martyr, after she had suffered herself to be coaxed into a cessation of her tears; "but you try me beyond patience, I must say."

"I don't intend it, mother. I do not wish to give you pain."

"But what else could you expect when you tell me that you do not understand my desire for your happiness, and when I remind you how entirely I am devoted to you?"

Arthur Fairman might well have replied that he could not understand a statement of what did not exist, for his mother was a selfish invalid, whose whole life was devoted to her "nerves" and "symptoms," and whose interest in her son was never very active, save when he was likely to run counter to some pet scheme of her own. But he wisely forbore. His only reply was—

"I see you mistook me, mother. What I did not understand was your mention of Amy Lincoln, as one beneath me."

"Ah, I dare say she is a goddess in your eyes—this little milliner, with her baby face! And it is for her that you defy and insult your mother!" And tears, Mrs. Fairman's ready refuge, burst from her eyes. She also showed strong symptoms of hysteria, and her son, unable to answer her unreasonable accusations, while she continued in that state, could only call her maid, and assist in removing her to her room, while he retired to his own.

These scenes had become of almost daily occurrence in Mrs. Fairman's home. That lady had imbibed a strong prejudice against the beautiful but humble girl, to whom her son was tenderly attached—the more violent, perhaps, that she herself had been raised by the father of Arthur from a position equally lowly. She desired her son to find a wife among the daughters of fashion, and would have preferred a brilliant exterior to any charms of mind or heart.

Arthur passed a sleepless night; and on the morning that followed the above recorded conversation, he was summoned from the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen at dawn, to his mother's bedside.

He went to her, pale and haggard. He had been weighing the claims of the rival love that occupied his heart—that for his parent on the one hand, and for Amy on the other, and vainly striving to find means to reconcile them to each other. He hoped that when his mother had quite recovered from the condition into which her angry excitement had thrown her, she would be willing to listen to him, to let him plead the cause of his love—perhaps to see Amy. To see Amy! That would be to love and welcome her, the lover thought, and his heart beat fast with the joy of so sweet a hope.

On this occasion, however, he was disappointed. He found his mother apparently very ill. His heart melted towards her whom he had all night accused of selfish attempts to destroy his happiness. Conscience added its pangs. He believed that the agitation he had caused his invalid parent was surely destroying her life; and when, in feeble tones, she urged him to make the only promise—to fulfill the only request she should perhaps ever make, he could not refuse.

"Promise me, Arthur, only this. That you will not see or hold any communication with this Amy Lincoln for one month, and that you will go down to your uncle Godwin's. If I should so far recover as to be able to endure the journey, I will go with you in a day or two. If not, (and if these 'symptoms' that now oppress me continue, I shall not live beyond to-morrow,) you will of course remain to close my eyes and lay me beside your father. Then remember that it was my dying request that you should go to your uncle's, and refrain from any communication with Amy Lincoln for one month. Will you promise me, Arthur?"

He gave the promise.

"After to-day I will not see or write to Amy Lincoln for one month, and I will accompany you to uncle Godwin's. Will that content you, dear mother?"

"And you will go if I am not living to accompany you. That is well. But why do you qualify the first clause of your promise with 'after to-day'?"

"I must tell Amy the promise I have made, that she may not be made unhappy. You would not have me do otherwise, I am sure, my dear mother."

Mrs. Fairman was shrewd enough to see that she had better be satisfied with the promise as given, and so, with a querulous voice, she murmured something about being unable to contend with her son, and turned away.

Before nightfall Mrs. Fairman was surprisingly improved; and on the second morning she set off, accompanied by her son, for the residence of her brother, Major Godwin, in a remote New England town.

Arthur and Amy had one sweet but sad interview previous to the journey. They parted, consoled even in prospect of a few weeks' separation by the hope that, when it was ended, they should part no more. Arthur meant to enlist his uncle Godwin in his favor, and he knew that his mother had a great respect for that good man's opinion. And Amy had faith in time, and thought no one could resist Arthur's wishes—surely not his mother, who loved him.

She went cheerfully to her daily tasks, while Arthur, absorbed in his care of his invalid mother, had little leisure to enjoy the scenes through which he traveled, or the incidents of his journey, and could only think of Amy undisturbed when night brought him solitude and silence.

* * * * * *

The month of absence passed slowly away. To all the entreaties of Arthur and uncle Godwin—who was readily enlisted in his nephew's cause, and who saw no reason why a beautiful and virtuous girl should be deemed unworthy to become the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Fairman, because she was poor and a milliner—that lady only replied that she could never countenance such a low marriage, but if Arthur persisted, and the girl was willing on his return, she would not refuse her consent. With that they had to be satisfied.

Time advances not for the sorrowful, nor stands still for the happy. A lover's impatience, that can conquer impossibilities, has no influence potent enough to hasten the leaden-footed hours. But at last, moment by moment, hour by hour, they have passed, and the blissful, long-hoped for season of reunion arrives.

So thought Arthur Fairman as, on the wings of love, he hastened toward the dwelling of Amy Lincoln, on the morning following his return to the city. Nothing but the lateness of the hour of his arrival had prevented him from hastening to her the previous night. Impatient and sleepless he had watched for the dawn, and at the earliest moment consistent with propriety he was on his way.

Up the stairs that led to her apartments he bounded, two steps at a time, and, with light, impatient fingers, tapped at her door. No answer came—no sound of footfall within—no chatter of merry girls, nor Amy's silvery voice in song. He knocked again—the same dull silence followed, and his heart fell. He turned the handle of the lock, and found the door secured. He looked around, and saw that Amy's little sign no longer occupied the center panel, nor the side of the stairway.

She had removed, he thought, and he flew to another door. He knocked, and this time his summons was answered.

"Miss Lincoln—has she removed?" he inquired of the woman who opened the door.

"Sure, she's gone away, a month ago, and the beautiful rooms not let yet," was the answer; and while Arthur, almost stunned by his disappointment, was trying to articulate further inquiries, the woman added: "Perhaps the gentleman would wish to look at the rooms. I have the key, and fine rooms they are, and cheap rent."

He let the woman talk on, only bowing his head in assent, and followed her into the empty rooms. There was a chill air of desolation about them—the walls and ceilings seemed old and time-stained now that all the pretty things that Amy had gathered about her, and the bright fabrics on which she worked, and the young fresh faces of her girls, and above all her sweet countenance, were no longer there.

"Of course you can tell me whither she has removed," Arthur said, glancing around and wishing to retreat. "No? Did she not leave her present address? A note, then, perhaps for me—Mr. Arthur Fairman?"

"Nothing," the woman answered. Nobody knew where sweet Miss Amy had gone. The girls said that the postman brought her a letter that made her weep and moan, as she read it, but that as soon as she recovered she commenced preparations for removal, dismissing her workwomen, and selling nearly everything. And in two or three days she went away, and never told anybody where she was going.

That was all that he could learn. The empty rooms were before him, the sympathizing faces of the inhabitants of the house, who all felt for his evident disappointment and grief, but could tell him nothing of Amy, since the hour she went alone from its doors. That she was gone—lost—was all that he comprehended. He entered the rooms, and desiring to be left alone wandered through them, vainly hoping that somewhere he might find some token of Amy. And outside, the kind woman whom he had first seen, whispered to the little group that stood around:—"Poor gentleman! he was Miss Amy's lover, and used often to be coming to see her." And then they all dispersed unwilling to disturb further his terrible sorrow.

Arthur remained an hour in these deserted apartments, and then came forth to commence a search for the lost one, that extended over years, and always vainly. From that day, till the day of his death, no tidings of Amy Lincoln reached his ears. Her very existence seemed blotted out, and to him the world seemed henceforth a vast blank, and life a hopeless, joyless conflict.

Let us go back a month. The morning after Arthur's departure on his visit to Uncle Godwin's, Amy sat amidst her workwomen, busily employed in her tasteful avocation. There was a slight shadow upon her fair brow, and an observer might have detected traces of the tears she had shed on parting from her lover, in the slight redness yet lingering about her blue-veined eyelids. But she spoke and acted with her usual cheerfulness, and her emotion was not visible to the eyes around her.

The well-known knock of the postman was heard at the door—there was a slight bustle among the little group of girls as the letters were handed in. Then they were all so absorbed, some in their letters, some in wondering exclamations at receiving none, that for several minutes no one observed Amy. She had been reading a letter, and her sweet face had grown very pale as she read. She replaced it in its envelop as she finished, and rising up, moved toward the door of her own room. Before she reached it a low moan burst from her lips, and she sunk down fainting upon the floor.

They raised her up and laid her upon her bed. The usual restoratives soon revived her, and then, on her desiring to be left alone, the wondering group dispersed. She lay for two or three hours, with bright, tearless eyes, sometimes reading the letter she had received, then falling into painful thought. A terrible struggle was evidently going on in her mind. At length it was decided. She rose from her bed, and commenced her preparations for departure. In three days all was complete, and Amy disappeared, leaving no trace behind, to guide one who she knew would seek her.

That was all that was known of her, and all that Arthur could ascertain, but we, using the story-teller's privilege of diving into the heart of mysteries, will read the letter that caused this sudden determination of Amy Lincoln to lose herself in the ways of life. It was written thus:

"My son, Arthur Fairman, has been fascinated by your pretty face, and has learned disobedience and disrespect to his mother. Lured on by your arts, he is determined to rush into a degrading marriage. What I have said to him has proved unavailing, and I now address myself to you. Your motive is, of course, apparent. You think your lover rich, and hope to rise by means of his wealth to a position for which you were never designed. Your hopes have no basis. Arthur has nothing. His father's will gave me entire control of all his wealth, and if he marries you, he shall never receive one dollar, one acre—anything that can come between him and starvation. Look you, girl, you will not raise yourself, but will degrade him. He knows nothing of business, and is far too frail in health ever to encounter hardships. You love him! Will you condemn him to such a fate? Will you share such a fate with him?

"If not—and I think one so prudent will decide as I wish—leave the city, erasing all traces of your intended home, even and above all from him. But as soon as you have decided upon another residence, and reached it, write to me, and I will send you the first quarterly installment of an annuity of five hundred dollars, which shall be regularly paid you so long as my son is ignorant of your whereabouts, and you hold no communication with him. Decide at once, and inform me.

"ELIZABETH FAIRMAN"

Amy decided. She was generous, and she could not bring her lover to poverty. She knew that his feeble health made luxuries necessities to him, and though she would gladly have worked for him, she knew that her utmost efforts could not provide for his wants—wants that had grown strong from life-long habit. She would never be the means of alienating him from his mother, and so, with a sad, breaking heart, she prepared for her departure. She vanished as completely from Mrs. Fairman's knowledge, as from her son's. She never claimed her annuity—the price offered for her sacrifice—her only announcement to that lady being this line, written upon a tear-stained sheet:—"I have gone. Be reconciled to your son."

Ten years passed away. Mrs. Fairman was dead—a pompous funeral, a stately monument had marked the respect due to her wealth, and then she was forgotten. Arthur Fairman had been wandering, all those years, in Europe and the East, but, at last, a pale, sad-browed man, he had come home to die. Beneath Uncle Godwin's roof, he had made his last earthly resting-place, before he should commence his journey to the Unknown, Silent Land.

The day of his death came. Over cheek and brow the gray shadows of approaching dissolution were surely creeping. The family were all gathered in the darkened, silent room, when the door opened and the figure of a woman, clothed all in black, stood upon the threshold. It was Mrs. Leavitt, the milliner of the little town, near which Uncle Godwin resided.

At such an hour no one thinks of ceremonies. No one gave even a glance of surprise at the pale face and mourning garments of the visitor. She advanced into the room, she approached the bed, and leaning against its foot, she gazed at the features of the dying man, while tears rolled fast down her wan cheeks. His eyes slowly unclosed, and wandered around the group.

"I dreamed,"—he said, and then his eye fell upon the stranger. Almost with a cry of joy, he lifted up his arms. "Amy!" "Arthur!" and she fell into them.

There was silence, broken only by their sobs, and low murmurs, for a few moments. Then Arthur begged to be left alone with her he called Amy, and the wondering group dispersed. An hour later Amy came out. She motioned towards the room, and went away in silence. When they entered Arthur was dead. He had died in Amy's arms, at last. In life they were divided, but not in death. A wreath of fresh flowers lay daily on Arthur's grave for a few months, and then Amy was laid near him, and there was none to gather flowers.

The happiness of two hearts had been destroyed, two lives had been wasted, for Mrs. Fairman's fortune, which after all went to strangers.

THE MIND.

The human mind cannot exist long without love and admiration: they are its daily food, food that is scattered about for it everywhere. It is true, that when the mental appetite becomes vitiated and it cannot relish what it finds strewed about its feet, it *may* starve: but on the other hand it may be driven to seek its food at a distance. Hatred of itself and of humanity may force it to seek refuge in other worlds: in the world of books—the world of thought—the world of nature. And let it but once gain a true insight of these, and all its finer faculties must expand. Its fancy and imagination, which are always progressive and yet always young, will then travel through all the regions of possible or impossible existence; and if they return without finding a dwelling-place, they will yet bring back with them stores from which they may, for ever after, create worlds of their own. The affections, too, will then recognize their kindred with humanity; they will learn the true objects on which they were made to rest; and will find, that, if they can for awhile expatiate in external nature as in their *country*, they can, after all, have no *home* but in the human heart. The mind's vitiated appetite will then be corrected; its taste for the simple and the true will revive; and all will be right again.

EFFECTS OF INDUSTRY.

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man were to compare the single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression with the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.

IDA'S SONG OF PARTING.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!"

Alas, and I must say of thee—*no more*—
Thou'rt gone—and with thee fairy dreams of bliss!
Soon tropic breezes, on a stranger shore,
Will crowd to meet thee with their welcome kiss;
And eyes and hearts as fiery as the sun
Whose burning smile lights their voluptuous clime,
Await thee there—but—thou wilt sigh for one
Far distant—in the *twilight's* dreamy time?

I have not, will not shed one tear for thee—
Nor say my heart is broken, for I know
That many others have been, and will be
What now thou art! But—can I have *thee* go
And come no more with thy love-lighted eyes
And martial bearing and impassioned words?
Thou, who didst meet me 'neath last autumn's skies,
To wake such music in my spirit's chords.

Last autumn—when the lover-winds knelt low,
And, sighing, kissed the blushing trees—'tis strange
That it was such a little while ago!
For in my heart and life there is a change
That sleepless ages might have toiled to make.
And oft I press my hand against my brow,
When, with the shadows, love and memory wake,
And loneliness oppresses me as now.

* * * * * * *

Go! for the stars that rule my fate and thine,
Though willing each—could never blend their light!
Go—though I know thy fondest thoughts are mine—
Go—but I'll meet thee still in dreams of night.
Yet when I wake, amid the haunted hush,
And see God's Heaven itself look merciless!
And feel my powerless loneliness, a gush
Will sweep my heart of fearless tenderness.

Yes, *go!* But when, o'er sighing wood and stream
The blue mists fall from gentle Autumn's hand,
Making the dim old hills afar-off seem
The outlined scenery of Fairy-land!
How can I bear their loveliness to see?
How shall I hear the sad wind's haunted tone?
Will not they all be blent with thoughts of thee?
And will not thou be—*gone*—forever gone?

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

A SEA SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I consider a pirate," said Capt. Wing, "as entirely without the pale of humanity; and under no circumstances would I allow one to escape me if I once had him within my power."

"There might be circumstances," remarked Shaw, who was a gray-haired veteran of the sea, "under which you would allow even a pirate to go free."

"Never!" returned Wing, emphatically. "Had he ever been a pirate, and escaped justice till he fell into my hands, he should not escape it then."

"Well," said Capt. Shaw, "I never had but one pirate fall into my hands, and I must confess that I not only let him go free, but lent him some assistance besides; and I think if you had been in my place you would have done just as I did."

"I can't think so," persisted the other. "However, I can judge if you tell me the circumstances."

"You shall have them," replied Shaw. "It is now about twenty years since I commanded the old ship SUMPTER. My second voyage in her was around the world. I went to India, and there home by the way of the Sandwich Islands and Cape Horn. While lying at Honolulu an American sailor came on board the ship, and asked for an opportunity to work his passage home. He gave his name as Charles Bugbee, and said that he had been cast away upon one of the islands six months before, and had made his way to Honolulu upon a raft, all his companions having died from starvation. He was a good-looking man, not over thirty years of age, and as I had lost two men during the cruise, I was in need of help. I was confident, from his manner, that he was not telling me the truth about the shipwreck. I was inclined to believe that he had deserted from some whaleman; but I did not press him very closely, for, as I just said, I wanted his services; so I took him, and gave him a berth.

"I never saw a better seaman than Bugbee proved to be. He was the first man on deck when all hands were called; utterly fearless in storm; prompt to his duty in every respect; and thoroughly posted up in his profession. Towards me and my officers his deportment was courteous and respectful in the extreme, but he did not seem to feel at home with the men. He seldom joined in any of their sports, nor did he laugh or jest with them. At times he was silent and thoughtful, spending whole hours by himself in a sort of moody meditation. Of course, I wondered much at this, and on one or two occasions approached him upon the subject, but he avoided it so quickly and decidedly that I made up my mind to let him keep his own secrets.

"One day my mate came down into the cabin and informed me that Bugbee's secret had been discovered. He was a pirate, who had escaped about a year before from the authorities at Charleston, South Carolina. I asked if there was any certainty of this.

"'Yes,' said the mate, 'we are perfectly sure of it. Three of the men have seen him before. About a year ago a pirate schooner was captured off the Bermudas, and carried into Charleston, and a young man, named John Lewis, was captain of her. He, with eight of his crew, was thrown into prison, but on the very first night he contrived to make his escape. The rest of them were tried, and six of them were hanged; but Lewis could not be found. It was supposed that some outside help must have been afforded him. However, he has turned up now, and this Charles Bugbee is the man.'

"The circumstance of the capture of the pirates, and the escape of their captain, was fresh in my memory, and I was not a little startled when I thus learned that the buccaneer chieftain was on board of my ship. I knew that his course had been a bloody one, and that his crimes had been many and dark. But I meant to be assured. I sent for the three men who had recognized Lewis, and they were positive. They were not only in Charleston when the pirates were brought in, but one of them had helped capture them. I made some farther inquiries, and was very soon satisfied that my new man was indeed the pirate. It was a positive fact, of which there could be no possible doubt.

"And now what was I to do? The mate said, 'let's secure him at once, and keep him prisoner till we can deliver him up,' and so thought some of the others; but I did not feel exactly in that mood. I was short-handed as it was, and needed his help; and then he was worth any other two men I had. I reflected upon the matter, and finally resolved to let him remain as he was until we reached port, and then I meant to deliver him up. I could watch him, if there was any necessity for it, though I was firmly convinced that he meant no harm to us. So I told my mate that we would let Bugbee work on as he had done, and see that he was delivered up to justice as soon as we got home. This may not have been in accordance with the idea of strict propriety, but it was, under the circumstances, the best I could do. The men promised that they would say nothing to him of the discovery we had made, for I did not wish him to know it.

"But he must very soon have seen that he was more than suspected. He could not fail to observe that the men eyed him with uncommon interest, and that even I had changed in my bearing towards him. But he did not betray any symptoms of anger. He performed all his duties as before, only becoming more and more thoughtful and silent.

"We had doubled the Horn, and passed the Falkland Islands, when we met with a change of weather as sudden as it was severe. At sundown I noticed that the breeze was breaking up, and that the barometer was settling rapidly. I knew that a storm was brewing, and I prepared my ship accordingly. By ten o'clock that night I had the topgallant-masts on deck, and was lying-to under close-reefed topsails, with the bows under water half the time. Before morning the foretopsail was split to ribbons, and the spanker gone. The gale was from the south'rd and east'rd, and it blew as I had never seen it blow before. I had felt as heavy a wind, but not one that lasted so long. When daylight came we found the heavens of a dull, leaden hue, and the sea one mass of white-capped mountains, which came rolling and tumbling over us with mad fury. We held a short consultation, and decided to put before it and scud. We had plenty of sea-room, and hoped thus to save ourselves.

"At first we tried it under a close-reefed foresail, but the seas were so high that they took the wind from it, and I was forced to set the maintopsail. All that day the gale continued with unabated fury, and as the darkness of another night came on I began to be alarmed. I knew that I was going through the water at a fearful speed, though the log would give us no exact rate, the sea bringing it home every time we threw it. When the darkness fairly shut in again the gloom and the storm were awful. The men were clinging by the racks and rails, and all were prepared to see the old ship swamped at any moment. The roar of the tempest was so terrific that it was with difficulty that I could make myself heard, even when I had my lips at my mate's ear. All were fear-stricken save Charles Bugbee. He alone remained cool and collected, and to his intrepidity and faithfulness in the performance of his duty we owed much of our safety thus far.

"At midnight myself and mate met in the cabin. The same fear had been haunting us both.

"'How much longer can we scud with safety?' he asked, after we had examined the chart.

"'I cannot tell,' I replied. 'But we cannot be far from the spot.' I alluded to the coast of Buenos Ayres, between Cape Corrientes and Bahia Blanca, upon which point on the chart my mate had his finger. It was very evident that we had run over three hundred miles, and if such was the case, we were nearer to the coast than we wished to be.

"We returned to the deck, and stood together by the quarter-rail. Two men were lashed to their places by the wheel, and the rest of the crew had secured themselves as best they could. Had there been ten thousand rocks directly ahead, we could not have avoided them, for the ship could never be got upon the wind in such a gale. She could no more have been brought up to it than she could have run in the gale's eye.

"And so we were forced to suffer on until morning, and when the day broke, the gale was still howling over the sea. I was still standing by the rail, when the startling cry of 'BREAKERS!' came from the lookout upon the bows. I hurried forward, and the terrible truth was revealed to me in a moment. Directly ahead, and not more than three miles distant, loomed up a terrible mass of rocks, over which the wild sea dashed with awful power!

"'*Can* we put her about?' asked the men.

"And I was forced to tell them no. I saw certain death ahead, upon which we were hurrying with frightful speed, and I knew that no earthly power could stay our progres, or guide us from the rocks. They were black and bleak before us, and when we struck them we should be dashed to atoms. I saw my men clasp their hands in prayer, and all I could do was to pray with them.

"I looked around for Bugbee, and saw him coming forward with a spy-glass. He opened it, and gazed intently upon the rock-bound coast for some moments. Then he lowered it, and sprang to my side.

"'Captain Shaw,' he cried, with the energy of a man who grasps for his life, 'if you will obey me to the very letter I can save the ship. Get the foresail on, and then take your station at the wheel. We have no time for questions. Trust me, and you are safe! On with the foresail as soon as possible.'

"I did not hesitate. I saw in an instant that without help we must surely die. I gave the order for setting the sail, and as hope sprang to life in the souls of my men, they worked as only men thus threatened with speedy death can work. In spite of the gale the broad canvass was spread, and the clues hauled down. In a moment more Bugbee passed me. 'I know a safe passage here!' he cried, and on the next instant he was upon the bowsprit, and I had the men arranged along the deck so as to pass his orders to the helmsmen.

"O! it was terrible—the approach to those towering rocks. Already the roar was so intense that a thousand thunder-bolts seemed bursting about us, and the spray from the ragged crags came drenching over us.

"'*Port!*' came from the man upon the bowsprit; and then '*Steady!*' Then '*Port!*' again. Then '*Starboard!*' And so the orders came, passing promptly from lip to lip, until we got them at the wheel. On we went—on—on—and we were upon the rocks. One giant cliff loomed up before us, and, at the moment when it seemed as though the crash must come, the helm was put hard a-port, and we passed the cliff, our yardarms almost touching as we went by. On we went, with the helm righted again, through a dark, narrow gut in the solid rock, and in five minutes more we were within a small basin, surrounded on all hands by towering hills and rocks, where the surface of the water was hardly rippled!

"As soon as the anchor was down I looked around for Bugbee, but he had gone below. I did not call him then, for I was too much overcome. I saw my men were completely overpowered by gratitude, and I joined them in their thanksgiving to God for the salvation which had been extended to us.

"At noon Bugbee came down into my cabin. He told me that he wished to speak with me. He said he wished to tell me what he pleased, and begged of me not to question him. I bade him go on.

"'Captain Shaw,' he commenced, 'I know you have discovered who and what I have been. I know you have planned that I should be delivered up to the law when this ship reaches home. I have been a wicked man—dark and harrowing crimes rest upon my soul,—but I have no more crimes to commit. When I came on board this ship I hoped that I might reach my native land in safety, and hide away in some nook where I could live in sorrow for the past, and in hope for the future. When I saw this coast this morning my first thought was, that we would all die together—that you should never live to see me hanged. But the thought was not long in possession of my mind. I had recognized the massive rocks, and I believed that the towering cliff was the outpost of a strange, snug harbor which I had used, in times gone by, when I was forced to flee from my fellow men. When I observed it through the glass I recognized the hidden passage at once, and I knew I could save the ship. I have saved it—I have saved you all—and I simply ask in return that you will do unto me as your own heart shall dictate.'

"With this he arose and left the cabin. I would have called him back, but I was too busy with my own emotions to speak until he was out of hearing. But you can imagine what I did. I called my officers and men about me, and told them the story; and then I asked them what should be done. And they said they would defend the man who had saved them, with their own lives if it was necessary.

"On the next day the storm had all subsided, and we put to see again. We reached New York in safety, and we not only saw Charles Bugbee free from harm, but we furnished him with as much money as he would take, and I procured a safe disguise for him. We blessed him when he went away, and when he was gone we prayed that his life on earth might be quiet and peaceful. I have not seen him since, though I have heard from him repeatedly. He is in Iowa, and is one of the most benevolent and respectable citizens in the section where he resides; and I mean to see him one of these days, if I live, and have the time to spare for traveling.

"So much for the only pirate that ever fell into my hands."

"Well," said Captain Wing, "under such circumstances I am very sure I should have done just as you did."

HORICON.*

BY C. D. STUART.

Far north, among the giant hills
Whose tops are crowned with snow,
The forest pines their fragrance cast
Upon the lake below;

A calm, deep lake, whose gleaming waves
So soft and silvery lie,
That mirrored in its placid face,
Is seen another sky;

And when the moon and stars come forth
'Mid twilight waning slow,
Down in those silent depths their light
A thousand feet they throw.

Full thirty miles that lake in length,
And full five others wide,
It slumbers like a spotless child—
The rugged mountain's bride.

Three hundred islands, green and fair,
Its sparkling bosom gem,
Each brighter than the diamonds rare
That hue a diadem.

There, in the ages old and dim,
Unknown perhaps to fame,
Beside his altars kneeling low
The Indian hunter came.

Blue rolled his Horicon, and blue
The summer sky looked down,
And God was in the Spring-time near,
And in the Autumn brown.

There rose his wigwam by the shore,
And there his bark canoe
Lay anchored, where the cedar boughs
Their deepening shadows threw.

But other races to his fane
With hands of slaughter came;
His crystal lake was dyed with blood,
His wigwam wrapt in flame!

Nor belted chief, nor belted brave,
Nor spotted deer is seen,
But faces of a paler hue—
And many a meadow green.

And all abroad the lowing kine
And shepherd's flocks were near,
And Sabbath bells of pleasant chime
Are breaking on the ear.

The white man's curling smoke ascends
And mingles with the sky,
And o'er the Indian hunters' graves
The white man's altars lie.

And Horicon is sleeping still
By shadows overcast,
But fairer far was she in those
Dim ages of the past.

* Clear-Water, the Indian name of Lake George.

DISOBEDIENCE PUNISHED.

BY MORGIANNA D.

"But, Ellen, John Harris is not the kind of man I wish you to be intimate with."

Ellen made no reply, but bent sullenly over her work. She had, until lately, been a child very easy to govern—an amiable, gentle girl, whom no one dreamed of looking upon as likely to oppose or defeat the will of her parents.

Her parents were professed Christians, and intended to be consistent; but as they wished to give their only child every possible advantage for the improvement of her body and her mind, and as they read that the children of Israel all learned to dance, they concluded that their child might be permitted the same lesson. They therefore sent her, at the age of fifteen, to an accomplished teacher, whose scholars consisted of a *not* very select number.

Here she attracted the notice of a wild youth of twenty-one, or thereabouts, whose chief recommendations were a good-looking face, active and graceful form, and great aptitude in dancing. His brain was not so great as to endanger his skull, nor were his principles of the saintly type. But he had a smooth way with him—a pleasant voice, and he was skilled to flatter. In short, he was the very fellow to turn the head of a little young girl just warming and expanding into womanhood. And he took a fancy to Ellen from the first—*only* a fancy it was, as he declared to his hale fellows down street. Harris had bewitched the girl; and when he found that her parents had become aware of what was going on, and that they had forbidden her to have any further attentions from him, this high-minded young individual instigated the foolish child to meet him secretly, to write notes to him, to receive presents from him, and a hundred other dishonorable practices.

When these things came to the ears of her parents, they broke up housekeeping, and started with Ellen to travel. Knowing what effect opposition generally has upon matters of this kind, and feeling as if the blame of the thing rested, after all, most heavily upon themselves, they said very little to Ellen, trusting to a change of scene and of companions to undo the impressions that the killing Harris had made upon her soft young heart. They were gone two years from home, and fondly did they imagine that the work for which they had been so long wanderers was fully accomplished.

Ellen had, since the first few weeks, been in fine spirits. She had, apparently, returned the interest which she had frequently inspired in young gentlemen's hearts. It had not chanced, however, that any one had sought her hand. Her parents were not sorry—their daughter was too young to be engaged. They would rather have her free for two years more.

John Harris was still alive. He was now clerk in a book store, and Miss Ellen was henceforth eaten up with a desire to read.

It was several weeks before her parents discovered what it was that drew their daughter so often down to the book store. Miss Ellen was a crafty little piece, with a head about six times as long as that of her confiding maternal parent.

Although Mrs. Cornwall knew very well that her daughter had never cared for reading of any kind, it never entered her head that any other cause than an improvement in this regard prompted Ellen's daily journeys down town.

One evening Harris openly walked home with Ellen from church, and the very next day, Mrs. Cornwall, desiring a certain book that she knew was sold in the book store under consideration, entered it, and beheld her daughter and Harris in close, confidential conversation. So engrossed were they, that neither of them perceived Mrs. Cornwall until she laid her hand on Ellen's arm, saying:

"You will walk home with me."

When the mother and daughter were sat down at home, a long conversation passed between them, a part of which is given at the beginning of this sketch.

An unwilling promise was at last wrung from Ellen that she would do as her parents desired. But she was so wicked as to break it almost immediately. Meet Harris she would and she did. Almost every time she went out of the house she *chanced* to meet him. He was very opportunely at the corners, or in the stores which she had to pass, or, if he was not there, there was always a letter for her in his post-office box, and for the letter which she took away Ellen usually deposited another. She had been early supplied with a key which fitted the post-office box of Harris.

Sometimes she would fail to find the gentleman when she entered the store in which he was clerk. As this had several times been the case, and as she had asked for him, the other clerks took the matter up, and made sport, in accustomed man-fashion, of her attention to Harris. They told in all directions that Miss Ellen "chased Harris" more than he did her.

The affair became town's talk, and Ellen was most severely dealt by; her love for fine dresses was spoken of, and much sport made of her walking out mornings arrayed in silk. As is usual where one has laid herself open to condemnation in one direction, everything that could be thought of was raked up and handed about from mouth to mouth, to the discredit of poor Ellen, who was, after all, but an insane and passion-blinded girl, who ought not to have been scolded at, or reasoned with, or made an object of scandal, but who ought to have been shut up in the house and kept there, or allowed to go out only with some one to take care of her, until her insanity died a natural death, or was in some way cured.

It was known to the people about town that the rebellious daughter still took long rides with her mean sham lover, who was more mean than a really sincere lover could have been, whatever he might have done. Harris's chief object in the whole affair was to show what he could make the daughter of respectable parents do. He gloried in making it manifest to his townspeople that *his* influence over Ellen was greater than that of her parents, or than any and all the *good* influences under which she had been brought up.

"Here is the daughter of one of your saints," he said; "how much good has all your religious teaching done her? I've not had her under my influence a great while, yet whatever I tell her to do she'll do, let them say what they will. I can make the little witch play all manner of tricks with her father and mother. She cheats them every day of her life like the very mischief. They think they can keep her away from me, but I have but to say the word, and she'll be my wife to-morrow."

And thus he triumphed, and in the hearing, too, of a friend of Mrs. Cornwall's, and one who loved Ellen, and was deeply pained to hear her so spoken of.

"The girl is lost," she said, mentally, "if some more effective measures than have yet been attempted are not at once taken to save her."

She meant to have gone that very day to speak to Mrs. Cornwall, but something prevented her, and her visit was delayed for several days.

Ellen, when she was to go and ride with Harris, always told her mother that she was going to spend the afternoon with a certain young friend of hers, who was in her confidence. Harris would then, after riding round town with some other girl, come for Ellen, and away they would go for a long ride. This had been done several times. And of this also Mrs. Cornwall's friend had been reliably informed.

Hard indeed was it to believe that one who had been such a remarkably good-dispositioned and well-conducted child could become so very exceptionable a young lady, but Mrs. Preston understood human nature. She knew that no change is too great to be effected by youthful and ignorant passion. There is no telling what any body will be or do under its influence, and the only wise part is to treat persons who *are* its victims as the sick or insane are treated, for they are hardly accountable—*most certainly not reasonable beings.*

Mrs. Preston believed that as the parents had good reasons, not founded in prejudice, for being opposed to their daughter's love affair, that it was their privilege and their *duty* to render it impossible for the lovers to have any communication whatever.

"Why," said the lady, after having related what she had heard, "if Ellen were my child, she should not leave my sight a moment, either night or day, from now until she becomes twenty-one years old. I would not reproach, or be in any way fretful or severe with her, unless she resisted my wishes to be her constant guardian and inspector, but if she did, I should confine her. No child of mine should ever be permitted to ruin herself until she had attained the age of twenty-one. After that time I suppose people must act and choose for themselves, and abide by the consequences."

Mrs. Cornwall resolved to relate all that she had heard to her husband, and at once to enter into some plan for putting an end to the present disgraceful state of affairs.

The poor mother was almost overwhelmed. She sent for Ellen, but no one knew where she was. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and Mrs. Cornwall had not known till then that her daughter was out.

"She is with him now, I dare say," said the poor lady, weeping. "Oh! to think how we have loved that child, and how she repays our love. What pleasure we take in our babes, Mrs. Preston, and how hard we think it is when God removes them from us; but what is it to have a sweet baby die, to what it is to have it live, only to fill the hearts of its parents with the sharp and poisoned thorns of ingratitude. Surely, if people had any right understanding of what paternity means, they would not be so ready and so eager for its weary endowment. I think it is the most fearful thing that can befall one, to be made a parent."

"It is indeed, my friend. I felt that God was cruel to rob me of my treasures as fast as they were given. My bleeding heart murmured that my angels went from me before their white garments had been soiled by the world. I would have had them stay and become defiled—for defiled I knew that they *would* become if I kept them with me; but long since this selfish and rebellious sorrow has passed away. And now, as I look upon the heartwearing cares and griefs and mortifications of the parents that once I so bitterly envied, I thank God, and year by year I thank Him more heartily, that I have upon this miserable and treacherous earth not a single child."

"Oh!" burst from the heart and lips of Mrs. Cornwall, "I have sometimes been forced to wish that my only child had died in her cradle. I am afraid that she is a lost and ruined girl."

Prophetic mother's heart! Ellen was at that very moment receiving the kiss of her new-made husband. * * * *

Over all the miserable surprise, sorrow and mortification that followed that unhallowed wedding we will pass.

Mr. Cornwall was greatly incensed, and at first resolved that he would disown Ellen, and forbid her ever again to enter his doors. But the mother's heart knew its duty better than that. Through the instincts of maternal love spoke out the faithfulness and the immortal love of God.

"She is our child," it said. "We cannot disown her. She is a sinful and ungrateful girl, and for that she needs love and pity. She has sealed her own misery, and for that she needs that some should stand her friends. Who should be the friends of the unhappy sinner if not the authors of her being? It matters not what is the guilt of our daughter, her parents must endure all things that they cannot help. They must forgive her, and love her unto the end. This is what God, our parent, does for us, and He commands us to be the children of our Father which is in Heaven. The sins of our child have made a cloud about her, and they separate, to her thought, her heart from ours, but the cause is in her, it must not be in any change of our love towards her. We must forswear all anger and all severity which can do no good."

Thus reasoned the mother, and the father, though slowly, responded to her feelings.

And it was but a very little while that he felt any remains of anger at his child, for her short hour of imaginary triumph and happiness was soon over, and she became in all respects more an object of pity than of anger.

Having shown that he could get her in spite of all opposition, Harris was now satisfied. He cared but very little more about her, and he did not long take pains to deceive his unfortunate wife.

Poor Ellen! it was a dire awaking that she experienced. She had truly and madly loved Harris, and had resolutely shut her eyes and stopped her ears to everything that had been said against him. She had felt that all the world was as nothing compared to his love, and for his sake she had forsaken all the world, wronging her own soul, and sinning, with a high hand, against both her earthly and her heavenly parents; what a void was about her and within her, then, when it became clear to her that if her husband had any heart, it was not hers—that he had *never* truly loved her.

He told her the truth one day, provoked to do so by her tears and reproaches, occasioned by what she called the *change* in his feelings.

"I am not 'changed,' you little fool," he said. "I never did love you as you supposed that I did, and at first I never thought of marrying you. I *liked* you very well. I do so still—or I should do so if you wouldn't cry so much. As for such desperate love I don't believe in it, at least so far as men are concerned. Women always will be fools; and of course they'll be so in regard to love, as well as about everything else. I didn't think of anything more than a short flirtation with you till your parents set themselves out that you should not go with me. That touched my spirit, and I resolved to show them that I was not to be scorned for nothing. At last I concluded that, as I must take a wife sooner or later, and as you would be as good for me as any other girl, and as I could punish your parents best by so doing, I might as well marry you. So now stop your whining about change, and coldness, and all that nonsense. Be sensible, keep good natured and agreeable, and I shall like you quite as well as ever, I dare say; for you are very agreeable sometimes; but go to looking and acting in this kind of a way, as so many married women do, and I give you warning you'll finish your chance with me, and I shall seek pleasanter female company. You know *I* am no saint, and no priestly terrors ever stand between me and my pleasures. When you are pleasing and attractive I shall remain with you; when you are not so, I shall go elsewhere."

Although Ellen had no reason to expect any other treatment from a man who had tempted her to treat her own dear parents in the shameful manner in which she had treated hers, yet she *did* expect it; and her heart, in consequence of such language from Harris, was crushed and broken.

Her depression of spirits caused him to leave her more and more alone, and the wretched creature wept herself almost to death.

At last pride was overcome by sorrow and misery, and she sent to beg her mother to come to her; and when she came she told her all, begging to be taken back to her old forsaken home that she might die.

She had no doubt now that others were all to her husband that she was, and she could not endure to continue longer beneath his roof.

In the evening the two weeping women went out forever from the dwelling of Harris. Mrs. Cornwall almost feared that Ellen would die before reaching her father's door. She did not, however; and the old man met and kindly welcomed back his erring but humbled and repentant child.

No word of reproach was ever uttered. Most kindly, most tenderly, did parental love attend upon the pitifully altered Ellen; but her days and her hours were numbered. Her own misconduct had sealed her doom; in the morning of her life she went down to the grave; and upon her clay cold bosom sleeps the "child of her sorrow."

PLEASANT.—To open your wife's jewel-box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We know of nothing that makes an ardent temperament feel more "knifey."

PENITENCE.

BY ALICE CARY

O, I am sick of what I am! Of all
Which I in life can ever hope to be,
Angels of light be pitiful to me,
And build your white wings round me like a wall;
Angels save me from the thought of what has been,
In days and years I have no pleasure in.

Disabled, stalled in habit's deep-worn rut,
My labor is a vain and empty strife—
A useless tugging at the wheels of life
After the vital tendons all are cut:
I have no plea, no argument to make—
Only your love can save me for love's sake.

The evil I have done I do deplore,
And give my praise to whom it doth belong
For each good deed that seemeth out of wrong
An accidental step, and nothing more.
Treasure for heavenly investment meant,
I, like a thriftless prodigal, have spent.

I am not in the favor of men's eyes,
Nor am I skilled immortal stuff to weave
No rose of honor wear I on my sleeve,
To cheer the gloom when that my body lies
An unrigged hulk, to rot upon life's ford—
The crew of mutinous senses overboard.

What shall I bring thy anger to efface,
Great Lord? The flowers along the summer brooks
In bashful silence praise Thee with sweet looks,
But I, alas! am poor in beauty's grace,
And am undone—lost utterly, unless
My faults thou buryest in thy tenderness.

THE PROPHETESS;

OR,

AN ESCAPE FROM THE SHAWNEES.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

If a work could be written, embracing condensed narratives of all the wonderful adventures, mysterious preservations, and hair-breadth escapes of the early Pioneers of our western country, it would be one of the most thrilling and intensely interesting productions that the world has ever seen; and they who now so superficially inveigh against the probabilities of fiction, would be compelled to marvel over facts as far beyond the mere invention of the human brain as the wonders of nature are beyond the penciled representations of the artist. As a proof of our assertion, let the reader carefully peruse the following story, taken from real life.

As far back as the year of our Lord 1761, quite a body of Shawnees, from their towns on the Little Miami, penetrated the interior of Virginia even to the settlements on James river, and committed sad havoc among the suddenly surprised and consequently defenseless settlers. Having murdered several of the inhabitants, burned their dwellings, destroyed their property, and taken quite a number of prisoners, they set out on their triumphal return. They were followed by a party of whites, who overtook and killed nine of them, the rest making their escape and taking their prisoners with them. Some of these latter died on the way; some after reaching the Indian towns; a few became Indians in heart as in appearance; and the remainder—all those at least that were known to be held captives—were put to ransom by a treaty stipulation which the united tribes of Ohio made with Colonel Boquet in 1764.

There was one of this party, however, a female by the name of Hannah Denniss, who, previous to this time, escaped in a most wonderful manner, and whose cunning, skill, sagacity, patience, perseverance, and heroism, should entitle her to immortal renown.

It was always her intention, she subsequently stated, as it was always her hope, from the very first, to make her escape; and throughout her long, trying journey, of many hundred miles into the wilderness, there was not a moment, when left to herself, that she did not employ in devising some plan whereby her object might be attained. Various suggestions arose in her mind, but only to be discarded almost immediately, because of their apparent impracticability. What could a woman in her situation really do, to elude the vigilance of a numerous tribe, so as to make good her escape from them through a pathless forest of many hundred miles in extent, exposed to perils of wild beasts and starvation? And yet why should she shrink from the trial, let the consequences be what they might! for would death be worse than a life of servitude among barbarous wretches whose very presence she loathed.

At last she hit upon a plan which she carried into execution, though without bringing about the result she desired for two long years—a period which seemed to her longer than the whole life which preceded it. She had heard much of the superstitious nature of the Indian—that he was naturally prone to believe the supernaturalism of whatever his limited knowledge could not explain or account for—that a prophet to him was a sacred being, to be reverenced, if not worshiped, as something possessing more than human power—and upon this weakness she determined to act.

Before arriving at her destination, she was separated from her companions, and taken to one of the Indian villages on the Little Miami, where she was informed, partly by signs, that she must remain the rest of her days, and become one of the tribe.

To this she assented with apparent cheerfulness, and passed through all the forms and ceremonies necessary to her adoption into the tribe, with a seeming willingness which greatly deceived the savages with respect to her real feelings and intentions. She humored her captors in everything—as readily conforming to all their manners and customs as if she had been one brought up among them. She took off her own garments, and substituted theirs; she painted herself in a way to make herself the most pleasing to them; she ate their food with an apparent relish; she cooked for them; brought wood and water; took an active part in the general drudgery of her female companions; and joined in their horrible and barbarous dances with a seeming zest, which led them to believe her a willing convert to their mode of life.

But she had an ulterior object; and as soon as she became to all appearance domesticated—as much of a savage, in fact, as any of the tribe—she began to carry her plans into execution. She assumed to have been gifted with more than natural powers; she gave them to understand that she was a prophetess—a witch; that she possessed the art of healing by incantation, and by medicinal herbs; of making known future events by sorcery; and she began to visit the sick—to prescribe for them—to collect herbs of which she had some knowledge, though purporting that knowledge to be obtained through a mysterious agency.

Providence favored her. With several of her first cases she was successful in restoring the sick to health; and to the superstitious Indians she soon became a wonderful being—a being set apart for a higher calling than those around her—and, as a consequence, she soon found herself reverenced, if not worshiped.

Yet with all this she was not permitted her liberty. She was allowed to go whither she pleased—collect what she wanted—but always with a watch upon her, lest she should make an effort to escape. Her influence became great; she was looked up to as a sovereign—a queen; but still she was a queen in fetters—one who might be suffered to do all things except depart, the only desire of her heart.

Days, weeks, months, passed away; and all this time she sought in vain for the accomplishment of her purpose—the restoration of herself to her friends—the return to that home in civilized life of which to all appearance she had no thought—which she had apparently renounced for her new position and condition.

Thus she continued to live for more than a year, before she had succeeded in gaining that confidence which would permit her to make her journeys alone in quest of such medicinal herbs as she required in her profession.

But when the watch finally ceased—when she for the first time found herself alone in the great forest—alone in the presence of the Great Spirit of Nature—with the thought that henceforth her steps might at any time lead her beyond the reach of the human eye—with the hope that they might sometime lead her to her native clime—then her desolate heart became filled with a joy unspeakable.

Yes, her home and friends she should see once more—months hence perhaps, perhaps years—but still the time would come; and that secret thought, that secret knowledge, that secret happiness, seemed to buoy her above all her troubles and heretofore anxieties, and render her more apparently contented than before.

From that time forth she went and came as she chose, wandered far into the deep forest around; remained away for hours—often from the rising to the setting of the sun, and occasionally until deep into the night: yet during all this time she had but one thought—one hope—one desire—to find the opportunity to go forth to return no more.

Many a time, when her captors believed her deep in the mysteries of her incantations, she was traveling in imagination through the long, dreary, perilous wilderness, back to the happy scenes of home from which she had been so rudely torn, and was calculating all the fatigue of the fearful journey, the chances of subsistence, of being overtaken by her pursuers, and the hundred perils which would attend her steps.

Months passed away—months of confidence on the part of her captors in her skill, professions, and attachment; and all this time she was waiting, watching, hoping, and praying for an opportunity to carry out the great purpose she had in view.

It was near the close of summer when she first became aware of being permitted to ramble whither she pleased without a watch upon her actions; but she feared to risk the chances of final departure then; the hunting season of the autumn following presented not the opportunity she desired; the winter succeeding was too cold for the venture; the ensuing spring had its accompanying disadvantages; but when the fine weather of summer once more returned, she secretly vowed that the trial should be made, let the consequences be what they might.

It was a fine, beautiful morning in June that she secretly fixed upon for the great venture which was to result in either home and happiness, or, more horrible still, a return to hopeless captivity—for should she be taken and brought back, all confidence in her would be at an end, and a life of barbarous toil and drudgery would be the penalty of her daring. Looking around her with a secretly trembling but concealed eagerness, she silently prayed with a depth and fervor worthy of her great hope, the while her captors believed her lost in a wild, rhapsodical incantation.

Having concealed about her person provisions enough to last her for three or four days, she set off, as was her wont, ostensibly to procure her plants for the sick, but in reality, as kind Providence had willed, never to return. Quietly she took her way into the depths of the great forest, until she believed herself completely concealed from savage eyes, and then hurried forward all through that long, trying day, shaping her course to the eastward, and trembling like a guilty culprit at every unusual sound.

On! on! all through that long, trying day she hurried forward, impelled by hope and fear, putting miles on miles between her and her foes, and reaching the banks of the Sciota, foot-sore and weary, just as the shades of night were settling over the solitary and gloomy scene.

But she dared not stop to rest even there; she in fancy saw her enemies in hot pursuit; and plunging into the river, she broke her trail in the water, continued some distance downward, crossed it, continued down the other bank for an hour or two in the darkness, and then re-crossed the stream, hoping thus to elude the pursuers whom she knew would be upon her steps as soon as it should become suspected that her intention was not to return.

On reaching the same shore which she had first quitted some miles above, she found herself so exhausted as to be unable to continue her flight any longer that night; and eating sparingly of her provisions, to renew the life and strength she so much needed, she threw herself down upon the bank of the stream, and fell asleep, alone in the great wilderness, watched over only by the All-Seeing Eye.

Early the next morning she resumed her journey with fresh hope, and had advanced some ten or fifteen miles down the Sciota, when she fancied she heard sounds of her pursuers, and immediately began to recross the water. She had just barely reached the other side, when several Indians appeared upon the bank she had left, and announced their discovery of the object of their pursuit by several loud yells, and by firing a volley at her.

Fortunately she was not injured by their fire; but in making a precipitate flight over a rocky surface, she accidentally so cut and injured one of her feet as to be totally unable to advance with anything like speed.

The most horrible feelings of despair now took possession of her; she felt certain she must be captured; but with the instinct of self-preservation, she looked hurriedly around for some means of eluding the fatal grasp of her foes, even should it come in the shape of a drowning death.

Hurrying along the bank of the river, though suffering the most excruciating pain from her wounded foot, together with great mental agony, she fortunately espied a large fallen sycamore, lying partly in the water, with a hollow in its trunk just sufficiently large to contain her body. Without a moment's hesitation she plunged into the water, so as to break her trail, and then crawled up the trunk and into the cavity, where, in the most painful and agonizing suspense, she awaited the result.

Her pursuers soon appeared, searching the ground carefully around; but as she had again broken her trail by entering the water, they knew not but that she had again crossed the stream, or continued down its shallow margin, concealed by overhanging shrubbery.

In making their eager search for their trembling captive, the Indians more than once passed over the very log that concealed her; as she actually overheard their surmises, remarks, and superstitious wonders concerning her mysterious disappearance.

All through the remainder of that terrible day the savages remained in the vicinity, carefully searching in every direction, and encamping near their intended victim that night; but, to her great relief, the next morning they set off down the river toward the Ohio, and she saw them no more.

As soon as she was satisfied of their being gone, she came forth from her concealment, hunted for healing herbs, dressed her wound, and again returned to her place of refuge.

Three long, weary days and nights she remained in that place, subsisting on the provisions she had brought with her; and then finding herself able to walk with comparative ease, and believing the pursuit to be over, she once more resumed her long and perilous journey.

This journey, to which no description could do justice, was made through hundreds of miles of wilderness, in the deep, solemn watches of the night; the poor, half-famished traveler resting and concealing herself by day, and subsisting for nearly three weeks on roots, herbs, green grapes, wild cherries, and river mussels; crossing the Ohio on a log of drift wood, and penetrating almost to the settlements in the interior of Virginia; where, sinking down at last from sheer exhaustion, and giving up all hope, she was discovered by a party of hunters, removed to a neighboring fort, restored to life and health, and subsequently escorted home to her mourning friends.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. Lyons.—We do not remember ever hearing from you before. As to your having as much right to an answer as anybody else, that is so; but *nobody* has the slightest possible shadow of a *right* to an answer to questions asked us. When we answer a question, or take any public notice of correspondence, we do it gratuitously and because we choose to do it, and not because we are under any obligation to pay the slightest attention to it. We of course feel a friendly interest in the matters which our readers lay before us, and we try to be as impartial as possible in the bestowal of our attention upon them, but it is inevitable that some of the communications should go unnoticed. If our friends will be half as patient as we try to be, we shall get along pleasantly together. Ill-temper and impertinence are thrown away upon us; and he who imagines that a petulant letter will secure him favors in this part of the world, had better save his time and stationery.

George G.—We have not had time to read carefully the religious novel ("A Poor Fellow") to which you refer, but from a hasty glance at it we should judge your pastor was right in his opinion of it. The foundation of the story is the conversion of a merchant who amassed a large fortune by being reckless as to the manner in which he did it, and the title, "Poor Fellow," is a term used by one of the characters in it. You can procure the work by sending one dollar in a letter to Dick & Fizgerald, No. 12 Ann street, N. Y.

F.—This correspondent wants to know whether the father or mother has the best right to name a child. We confess our inability to answer this question, except upon purely legal grounds. The law would give the right to the father, as he is the head and law-giver of the family. Socially, morally, and parentally the mother also would have rights in such a matter, which no husband would be either kind or wise to override.

Immigrant.—All your rights will be respected by your fellow-citizens just the same as though you were a native of Chicago. The trouble is, that many people fancy they have rights where in truth they have not even the shadow of them. You will find that your neighbors will act as reasonably as yourself; but if you resort to menaces and violence, you must not be surprised should you experience rather harsh treatment.

William Taylor.—The person whom you mention, or anybody else, never had two thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Ledger, or placed that amount of money in our hands for safe-keeping. The Ledger is not a "stock concern," but is owned by the editor alone, who is also its sole proprietor.

L. W., Galeville.—We do not inform any one what we pay for the contributions published in the Ledger. In this latitude, questions from strangers concerning a man's private business and personal affairs are considered impertinent.

Young German.—You must have patience with the young lady, and not press her too closely on the subject of marriage. She is wise not to be in a hurry about making up her mind.

Albion.—By addressing a letter to the editor of the Albion newspaper in this city, you can probably learn all about the St. George's Society of New York—its terms of membership, etc.

Joseph C. B.—Such a work as you mention would be better calculated for publication in a volume, with good illustrations, than as a serial in the Ledger, or any other paper or periodical.

E. S.—If the man withdrew the offer of marriage before it was accepted, the lady cannot of course hold him to it, and that being the case, she could not maintain an action against him for breach of promise.

Josephine P.—We do not make any charge for answering questions in our Notices to Correspondents.

Halbert.—It is improper for a man to *forbid* his sweetheart's doing of anything. What right has he to *forbid* her? Is he her master? Is she his servant? Has he a parent's authority over her? In case he does not wish her to do a particular thing, he should politely and kindly inform her that he would prefer she should not do it, or that her doing of it would give him pain, and then leave her to act her own pleasure about it. Under such circumstances, not one girl in a hundred would do a thing to give her lover pain; but should he impertinently *forbid* her to do a thing, she would be very apt to disregard the petty attempt at tyranny.

J. S. V. B.—Your account of the "fix" the honest farmer got himself and team into by becoming so absorbed in the Ledger, is quite amusing. We should be sorry to hear that harm had happened to any of our readers by their becoming too much engrossed in the perusal of our paper at critical moments. As a general thing we would advise persons on horse-back, or who have teams to guide, to defer the reading of the Ledger until they get home.

M. T. C.—It makes no difference how you ask a girl "to let you see her home," if you only do it respectfully. Girls are quick to understand such requests, and they are not at all critical as to the manner in which they are asked. Sincerity is the quality most valued by them in such cases.

P. F. W.—Your friend did a very awkward and unnecessary thing in attempting to change your relative positions to the young lady with whom you were both walking. When two gentlemen are walking with a lady, they should not manœuver for any particular side of the lady or of each other, but should act as though they were indifferent to such matters.

Barranquilla.—The mother greatly erred in supposing she could marry while her husband was living, although he had been absent from the State over seven years, inasmuch as he had uninterruptedly communicated with her, and contributed to the support of his family. Her marriage was illegal, and not binding on her or her consort; consequently, the latter, now that he has left her and married another woman, cannot be proceeded against for bigamy, nor can the deserted woman enforce the yearly stipend he agreed to pay her, without exposing the whole matter, and bringing disgrace upon herself and family. Should her husband return home, he would have good grounds for an action of divorce.

Como.—A dispute has arisen among the grammarians of the town of Como, in regard to the parsing of the following sentence, namely: "The horse ran up the mountain." A part of the grammarians aforesaid hold that "up" should be parsed as an *adverb* qualifying "ran," and "mountain" be governed by a preposition understood; while others maintain that "up" is a preposition and governs mountain in the objective case. To us, this is a clear case, and our mind is made up; but, before saying what our opinion is, we will give our readers an opportunity to take part in the discussion of the question.

Literature, Chicago.—You are in error. No degree of talent or genius will render a work which is immoral in tone fit to be read or harmless. You might as well argue that arsenic could be safely taken, if administered in a goblet of exquisite beauty and workmanship. We know it is a common thing for the advocates of elegant immorality and polished obscenity to try to silence reproof by shouting, "To the pure, all things are pure;" but we beg to remind such that that is a motto which the really pure seldom, perhaps never, have occasion to use.

R. H. H.—Your remarks concerning the importance of having the youth of the land supplied with hightoned literature coincide with our own views. We permit nothing of an immoral cast to appear in the columns of the Ledger. We can give you no information concerning the book you refer to.

A Reader and Graduate.—An unknown lecturer could not at first draw remunerative audiences, however gifted he should be. A man who does not know what subjects to choose for his lectures would not be apt to succeed. We do not know what an invalid could do to pay his traveling expenses.

Inquirer.—You must be your own judge as to whether or not you would be doing yourself injustice by giving way to your friend, who unfortunately loves the same girl that you do. First cabin tickets to San Francisco are now $300; second cabin, $250; steerage, $150.

Demagogue.—Unless you can crawl pretty flat in political mire, you had better not attempt the trade of politician. It is useless to rant and rave about demagogues. Like musquitoes and pestilent vermin, they will swarm in the hight of the political summer as long as there shall be offices to win.

Israelite Boy.—What was the question you asked? When correspondents write to inform us that they have asked a question which has not been answered, and request us to reply to said query, they should repeat the question, as we have no other means of knowing what it was.

Apollo.—The death of persons hanged is not always occasioned in a uniform manner. Sometimes the doomed one is instantly killed by the breaking of his neck, and sometimes he is slowly destroyed by a prolonged process of strangulation.

Walter.—You must exercise your own judgment in selecting between the Naval and Military Academies for the arena of your future exploits. The numbers of the Ledger containing the story of "Blanche Bertrand" will cost forty cents.

Mark.—Having apologized to the young lady for the unintentional offense, you can of course do nothing more, and as she chose not to accept the apology, you must give her her whole lifetime to review and revoke her decision, unless she shall do so in a less period of time.

R. B.—If the young lady would correspond with you, and if her parents would permit you to write to her, there would be nothing improper in your doing so, no matter how recently you made her acquaintance.

Sandy Hook.—When the old gentleman hereafter storms and raves at you, treat him with the utmost respect and kindness. Such a course would soon exert a good influence upon him.

Godfrey Dulanie.—You must keep trying until you can get an introduction to the young lady. If you choose to give up in despair, you will of course lose all chance of winning her heart and hand.

Don Quixotte.—You was foolish to boast that you should never make a philipœna present of less value than five dollars. All you can now do is either to keep your promises or else humiliatingly "back down."

R. A. R.—There is no law against first cousins marrying with each other. Some physicians say such marriages are injudicious, as the offspring are apt to be diseased and inclined to imbecility.

M. S.—Without friends or acquaintances in this country you would not be able to obtain a situation as surgeon on a United States man-of-war.

Hentz.—The letters F. L. T., which are so often seen on Odd Fellows' flags, banners, medals, &c., are an abbreviation of the motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

Lombard.—Get somebody to introduce you to the lady. By using due diligence you can find some one who knows how to perform that friendly act.

Hopeless Holly.—Your amusing letter has been read and duly appreciated, but we must decline your request for the publication of our portrait.

D. D.—We think that no thorough-bred gentleman would keep a young lady's letters and miniature against her known wishes.

Minnehaha.—It is bad policy for a woman to marry a man whom she does not love, especially while there is living a man whom she does love.

P.—Frequent bathing, plenty of exercise, and delicacy of diet will overcome the pimples of your face, and cause them "to hide their diminished heads."

D. W. D.—Yes; you can learn the art of landscape drawing from books and by practice, if you have a talent that way.

Reader.—General Washington was never taken prisoner by the British.

Lucius.—Your story is pretty fair for a first attempt; but it is too crude for the Ledger.

A Young Reader.—You should write your communications with a pen, and in a legible hand.

Sacomaine says that some time ago a lady and gentleman became devotedly attached to each other, and were engaged to be married; but having been unavoidably separated for several years they formed other attachments, and the gentleman married another lady, and the lady another gentleman, notwithstanding they still loved each other better than anybody else in the world. A few months since, they and their families happened to become residents of the same village, and the old attachment of the lovers was revived in the breast of each. The gentleman not being able to see his old sweetheart as often as he wished, indiscreetly resorted to the pen, and in one of his letters wrote that, "No woman who has once loved a man with her whole soul, and who, by some unaccountable decree of fate, becomes separated from the object of her first love, and marries another man, will, if she be a true woman, and true to every instinct of her nature, refuse for one moment to grant her lover any request he may ask; for I hold that in such cases *God* has joined the *lovers*, and *man* the husband and wife; and what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." The letter containing this precious bit of moral philosophy fell into the hands of the husband of the lady to whom it was addressed, and an exposure followed, which has agitated the whole community, and led to endless discussions, and it has been agreed to send the case on for the decision of the Ledger, which is taken by nearly everybody in the place who is personally interested in the discussion. Our opinion of the doctrine laid down by the "gentleman" as quoted is, that it comes from a very shallow brain, and a very depraved heart. A man who should seriously advocate such an idea should be sent either to the lunatic asylum or the penitentiary. A married person has no business to let any mortal being know that he or she loves anybody but the one to whom the heart's allegiance has been solemnly plighted according to the law of marriage. We do not believe in the selfish and criminal code of "morals" (so called) which permits a person to disregard solemn obligations, voluntariyl assumed, and lying at the basis of the social order and the welfare of the commonwealth.

Balto.—There is nothing improper in young ladies and gentlemen who are friends greeting each other with kisses. The propriety or impropriety of greetings of any kind depends upon the spirit and manner in which they are made, and the circumstances under which they are given. A perfectly proper thing may be done in a very improper manner, or at an unsuitable time. A person can only learn good manners and acquire a thorough knowledge of the thousand little touches and secrets of good breeding by much mingling in good society. Those who do not feel a consciousness of internal strength on all these points, must be careful how they attempt to indulge in kissing or other social luxuries. It is pretty safe to assume that a man would seldom give offense, or get into difficulty, by moderating the warmth of his greeting to a mere cordial shake of the hand, whereas he may call down vengeance on his head by venturing to be too familiar. Modesty in social intercourse is as valuable as honesty in business operations.

Zega.—You "three young ladies" are taking exactly the right course to prejudice young men against you. Girls who are anxious to get beaux and to catch husbands, and who spend their time in planning to that end, seldom succeed. A girl whose time and thoughts are absorbed in the performance of her duties as a daughter, and in mastering such useful studies and accomplishments as will best fit her for usefulness in life, and enable her to adorn whatever station she may be called to fill, will be quite certain to be sought in marriage by worthy men, while your mere *beau-catcher* will be left a prey to her own morbid fancy and silly thoughts.

Trouble says he is engaged to a girl who cannot live long, and who will not marry him unless he will shave off his whiskers, and that he loves another girl whom he wishes to marry "as soon as the first is out of the way," (to use his delicate expression,) and this last one will not marry him if he does shave his whiskers off. In this dilemma he wants our advice. We think that a man who could thus unfeelingly write about a dying girl to whom he is engaged to be married, would hardly be benefited by advice from any quarter. A being so unblushingly selfish is unworthy of the slightest consideration.

R. H.—If what you say is true, you would be justified in calling your wife to an account. But may you not be deceived? Young men are often wicked enough to impose on elderly people; and no doubt there are those in your village who, for the sake of a "little sport," (as they would call it,) would excite you to an ungovernable pitch of jealousy, though they had to strain the truth to the utmost, or even resort to falsehood to attain their object. You should act with the utmost caution in such a serious matter.

Rustic.—You can improve your mind by devoting your leisure time to study. No matter if you can get but half an hour a day for this purpose, improve *that* diligently, and you will have the pleasure of feeling that you are advancing in knowledge. No matter what branch you study. Begin with arithmetic, grammar or geography, or if you are already master of these, take something else. Only be thorough in whatever you undertake, and you will get along.

Cornelius.—There is no book from which a company of men and women "can go forward and learn to be actors and actresses." It requires a great deal of experience among those who understand the business well, to acquire the capacity to "act" upon the stage, with even ordinary success. Your company of young men and women would do better to turn their attention to some other pursuit.

L. and B.—The idea of a girl's dressing in a man's apparel, for the purpose of following her lover about to see what his habits are, is preposterous. No one should ever stoop to play the spy on another's actions. If she has not perfect faith in her lover's morals, she should not marry him. In such a case, no amount of delay could be so bad as a precipitate marriage.

A New Subscriber.—You had better not resort to interlinear translations of your Latin or Greek authors. Study them out manfully by the simple aid of your lexicons, if you want to become a good scholar, and acquire that discipline of mind and habit of overcoming difficulties which are so invaluable in the great battle of life.

Hermann.—The capture of Burgoyne and Cornwallis are considered as the two most important events of the Revolutionary war. The battle of Bunker Hill was a very important event, and so was the battle of Trenton; but neither of them equaled in results the battle of Saratoga or the siege of Yorktown.

A.—It is impossible to say whether or not your husband will ever contract the habit of drinking ardent spirits. You was certainly to blame in urging him to drink on the occasion referred to. We consider the too common practice of teasing people to do what they do not wish to do, a most detestable one, whatever be the occasion.

Telegraph.—Your debating society will perform a wonderful achievement if it decides what the Atlantic Telegraph will do, or will not do, six months hence. We do not care to attempt to act the part of the prophet in that case, or any other.

Albert.—The cheapest ticket to California from New York usually costs about $150. Occasionally, when there happens to be a lively competition, a steerage passage can be had for half that sum, but such opportunities are exceedingly rare.

A. W. S.—Your getting the mitten so summarily is not at all "a singular case." Thousands and tens of thousands have had the same experience. As a general thing, a man who has been decisively dropped by a young lady, does nothing about it.

Isabella.—Jefferson died at Monticello, in Va.; Jackson at "The Hermitage," near Nashville, in Tenn.; John Quincy Adams died in Washington, and his corpse was taken for interment to the village of Quincy, Mass.; Webster died at Marshfield, Mass.

Gluncher.—You ought to profit by your situation on shipboard, and learn the names of the different ropes, sails, yards, spars, &c., as speedily as possible, and then your captain will have no cause to grumble at you on that score.

Ledger Reader.—A young lady is not of age in this State until she has attained the age of twenty-one years. Plenty of hard work, and a clear conscience, ought to secure sound and refreshing sleep.

C. H.—You can probably do better at home than in California. The times are very bad in the latter State. There are thousands of people there who cannot even raise money enough to get home with.

G. F. V. M.—In the Ledger of March 16th, 1857, which can be had of us or ordered through any newsdealer, you will find full information concerning the mode of application, etc., for a cadetship in the Military Academy at West Point.

Miss O. E. P.—Your little poems possess meritorious qualities; but we are so bountifully supplied with poetry by our regular contributors that we cannot find room for your offerings.

Piscator.—Every man must decide for himself whether or not angling is cruel and sinful. He who thinks it is should not indulge in the pastime.

B.—Yes; the Koran is published in the English language, and you can get a copy of almost any bookseller, who, if he had it not, would order it for you.

Waverly Place.—We know of no honorable way in which you can get the daguerreotype of a young lady with whom you are unacquainted.

Mary D.—Red wafers, strown plentifully over the floors of rooms, halls, areas, &c., which are infested by cockroaches, will abate the nuisance.

W. C. T.—Tell us what the word is which gave offense, and how it was used, and we will then see what (if anything) can be done to propitiate the young lady's wrath.

Bertha.—A lady could with propriety ask an intimate friend for his miniature.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*